The Outlook

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Dzerzhinsky, Inquisitor

PALE-FACED, mild-mannered, melancholy, kindly in personal relations, and reputed to be completely unselfish, Felix Dzerzhinsky was the chief of the Red Terror in Russia. His death in Moscow removes a man who has been more dreaded than any other leader of the Soviet.

For years a political prisoner in Siberia under the Czar, he was liberated as a result of the Revolution of 1917, and returned to European Russia to become notable for his influence over Lenine and his skill in organizing the Communist spy system. After the Bolshevik seizure of power, he became head of the Extraordinary Commission for Fighting Counter-Revolution, familiarly known as the "Tche-ka" from the initial letters of the first two words of its title. His executive ability was demonstrated later in such posts as chief of the railway administration and Chairman of the Supreme Economic Council. But he will be remembered mainly as the organizer of the Soviet Inquisition, by which the Bolsheviks maintained their position against their enemies in the first years of their civil war for power.

Incorruptible and implacable, he was the sort of inexorable judge who believed that people must be tortured and executed for the sake of an idea. Not to save their own souls did he have the victims of the Soviet state tormented, but to learn from them about plots against it, to strike fear into the hearts of its foes, and so to advance the cause of Communism in Russia and—as undoubtedly he hoped—throughout the world. It is a strange but not a new doctrine, the preaching of brotherhood by bloodshed, salvation by sacrifice. In certain aspects Communist fanaticism is like religious fanaticism. One of its most singular and significant products was this gentle individual and cruel inquisitor, Dzerzhinsky.

A Glory That Was Greece's

A GREEK archæologist with the sonorous name of Alexander Philadelpheus seems not to feel toward England that brotherly love implicit in his surname. He is urging that Greece demand the restoration to her of the Elgin marbles.

It is a hundred and ten years since Lord Elgin passed over to his Government these marvelous sculptures of the age of Phidias. "The walls defaced, the moldering shrines removed by British

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Felix Dzerzhinsky

hands," mourned Lord Byron's Childe Harold over the vandalism that stripped the Parthenon. But neither Lord Elgin nor the British Government was the vandal; it was the "unspeakable Turk" at his worst. The Turks looked at the Acropolis solely as a mine for building material and had burned any quantity of divinely wrought marble for lime. As Mohammedans they disapproved of sculpture, as Turks they loved to insult Greece. Whether money passed or not was not definitely stated—the Turk did not despise backsheesh if he did condemn art—but Lord Elgin sold the famous caryatid, the figures from the pediment, the inscriptions, all those masterpieces of pure Greek art that in the British Muséum have been studied by art students of all lands for over a century, for about $175,000, which he said was not much over half of his expenditure and interest therefor.

It may plausibly be argued that if the Elgin marbles had stayed in Greece they would sooner or later have been destroyed by vandalism or neglect, whereas in the British Museum they have been an educative force and an art ideal. The imagination recognizes the poetic justice of their return once more to grace their rightful home, the Parthenon, yet we fear that friend Philadelpheus will find that his proposal is not within the scope of what the British consider practical politics.

Pat Harrison Goes to France

"THOUGH France looks so lean, she's her stout side!
I'll go, sirs, and turn her about-side,"
Said Senator Pat
As he put on his hat,
"And make her fat inside her outside."

Senator Byron Patton Harrison, for long called Pat for short, has righted many wrongs in his day, and it is gratifying to know that his day is not yet at its dusk. He is now to place Mrs. Tune's cow, where she has always belonged, beside Thompson's colt in proverbial fame. Thompson's colt, you may remember, swam the river to keep from getting wet in the rain. Mrs. Tune's cow, rejected by the butcher because she was too poor to make soup meat, was entered in the dressed fat cattle show and won the blue ribbon. Her fat was all on the inside.

Such, says Senator Pat Harrison, is the case with France. Her apparent bankruptcy is purely apparent. France has plenty of money, he says, to pay, not only what Bérenger agreed to pay the United States, but a great deal more than that. He is going to France, Senator Pat Harrison is, to show this to be the fact and, presumably, to lead a fight in the Senate to get a great deal more out of France than the pending settlement terms call for.

How the Senator is to find the hidden wealth is not revealed. He is armed with no authority to make official inquiry. He is not reputed a specialist in either the science of finance or that of detection. It is not likely that he will

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have such familiar access to many homes that he can peek into the flowered teapots on the top shelves of cupboards, and stockings used as depositories for secret wealth are usually even more difficult than flowered teapots for the casual visitor to come at.

On one point, however, the biographical sketches are silent. Senator Harrison may be a master of the divining rod —which, in common practice in Mississippi and elsewhere, is a forked peach-tree switch. In short, the Senator may be a water witch, and the legend of the occult science is that he who can bewitch water can also bewitch precious metals. Perhaps he can find them beneath old castle walls and peasants' chimneys.

If there are those who believe that a commission of financial and economic experts would be better qualified to ascertain the facts concerning the wealth of France, we bid them remember that it was a beef expert who rejected Mrs. Tune's cow.

The Evidence as to the Lake Denmark Disaster

THE inquiry into the causes and effects of the Lake Denmark explosions of July 10 closed on July 26; the findings or recommendations of this Naval Court of Inquiry will not be made public for some time, and only after they are approved or disapproved by the Secretary of the Navy.

The testimony was such as to leave no doubt that the whole question of storing high explosives in quantity is bound to be considered in its widest National aspects, and that the disaster under investigation will furnish ample material on which to base a general policy looking toward better protection for life and property.

Captain Dowling, commandant of the Naval Arsenal at Lake Denmark, who was himself painfully injured by the explosion, testified, as reported by the press, that there was excessive storage of munitions. He said: "Regarding the State law, the explosives were very much in excess. Apparently the Federal Government has no law governing the case." As to safety of buildings he said: "The present style of wooden roofs on steel frames covered by fire-proof material is not satisfactory. In case of an explosion, the fire-proof material is blown off and the wooden roof is exposed." He pointed out also that there was a lack of proper roads for the use of engines. He recommended that the capacity of arsenals should be reduced by three-quarters, and that distance between magazines should be from three to five times what it has been. On the other hand, Rear-Admiral Bloch, Naval Ordnance Chief, raised tentatively the idea that it might be desirable "to have one ammunition depot for the sole purpose of containing the high explosives required by the Navy, whether in bulk or loaded form, thus leaving other depots free of the materials which, exposed to fire for a period of time, have proved to be so disastrous."

It appeared from Captain Dowling's testimony and that of others that the explosions were not the instant effect of a lightning stroke, but that nearly half an hour intervened between the blaze of wood caused by lightning and the first actual shell explosion. Captain Dowling, after telling in detail about the woodwork inside the arsenal and in its roof said: "All this woodwork—roof, ceiling, flooring, and planks—constituted a serious fire menace. Had not each shell had this inflammable material around it, I think we would have gotten off with relatively slight damage from the shell houses."

How many other arsenals are equipped as were the buildings at Lake Denmark? Is there no way by which the Army can be invited to co-operate with the Navy in the solution of the storage problems of vital concern to both arms of the service?

Corruption in the Coast Guard

THREE officers of the United States Coast Guard—Rear-Admiral Billard and Captains Jacobs and Carmine—receive high praise from Remsen Crawford in an article found elsewhere in this issue. Commendation they well deserve, for it was under their direction that the Coast Guard entirely wiped out the well-established Rum Row which was rapidly making America the laughing-stock of nations. Mr. Crawford tells a graphic tale of this successful rout.

Mr. Crawford rightly concludes his article with the statement, "The Coast Guard is making good." *But it must go on making good.*

Liquor is still being smuggled over our coast-line in considerable quantities, though not with the ease of a year ago. A portion of this present leakage is due to the new tactics adopted by the rum smugglers. This source can—and no doubt will—be stopped by counter-strategy on the part of the "three men from Maryland." But another and more serious leakage is through the corruption of some of the subordinate Coast Guard officers on the Atlantic coast. Testimony, both in the Dwyer rum trial and in the Coast Guard's own investigation indicates that the integrity and trustworthiness of the Coast Guard personnel between Sandy Hook and Cape May, New Jersey, is far from what it should be. A house-cleaning in that department seems to be sadly needed. It has been disclosed that members of the Coast Guard have used a Government vessel and Government fuel to smuggle in booze while drawing Government salaries for their time. Several of the guilty men have confessed, and a thorough shake-up is promised.

We are delighted with the progress made by Rear-Admiral Billard and Captains Jacobs and Carmine, and wish them every success in the tasks yet ahead of them. May they continue to "make good."

Editorial Rights vs. the Courts

GEORGE R. DALE, editor of the Muncie, Indiana, "Post-Democrat," saw fit to take a severe attitude toward the Ku Klux Klan in his city, in the course of which he earned a sentence for having liquor in his possession. Resenting this, he charged that the judge, jury, and prosecutor were in a conspiracy to "frame" him, and that all concerned were members of the Klan.

For this he was sent to a penal farm for ninety days and fined $500. He secured his release under bond after serving nine days, only to be rearrested and sent back under a similar sentence for the alleged reason that his answer—a legal document—was also in contempt of court. Nine days in durance again passed, when he was freed once more on bond by the Supreme Court. He came back to Muncie to face indictment for libel growing out of his denunciation of a dealer who distributed the Klan organ. On this he was convicted and given a five months' sentence. So, for a small city editor, he is fairly well laden with law. The persecution, he charges, has been going on for the four years in which he has been antagonizing the Klan, has cost him $15,000, and nearly wrecked his paper. His home is gone and his family, a large one, is in penury. With the right to appeal to the United

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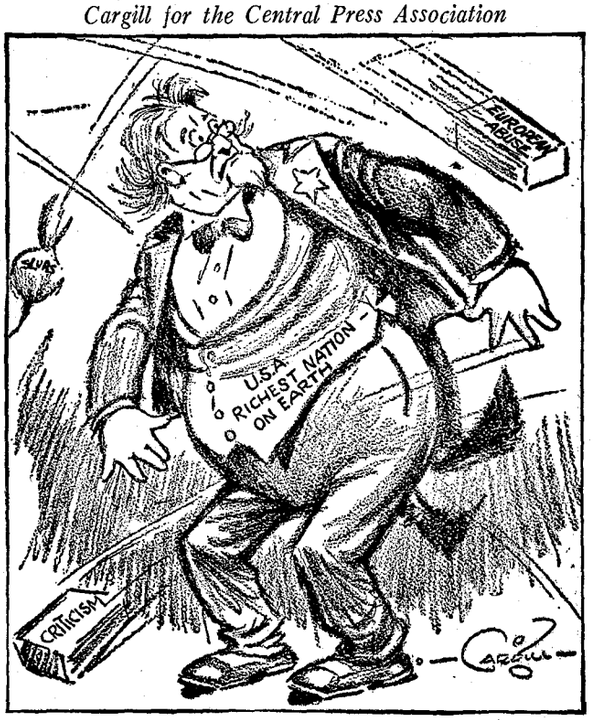
Often left unloved

(Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Scene 6)

Cargill for the Central Press Association



Nobody loves a fat man

Thiele in Editors' Feature Service

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The worm in our apple!

Cargill in the Wall Street Journal

If folks from the country behaved in town like[1] folks from town do in the country

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

[1] The editors of The Outlook disclaim all legal and moral responsibility for this use of the word "like."

Ding in the New York Herald Tribune

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The penalty of getting rich

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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States Supreme Court he lacks the needed funds.

The New York "World" has undertaken to raise a sum of not less than $5,000 for this purpose, after coming to the conclusion that Mr. Dale has not been accorded his just rights. There would seem to be much of the old Peter Zenger controversy involved in the case. Certainly, it will be well to have the real issues come before the highest court in the land.

Editors ought to be responsible. They should also be safeguarded in their rights.

A Moribund Strike

WHEN is a strike at an end? Most of the subway motormen have gone back to their work or have sought work elsewhere; the service on the I. R. T. is nearly normal. But the leader of the strikers, Edward P. Lavin, as late as July 27 was declaring that the strike would continue until the new motormen's union, called (most inappropriately) the Consolidated Railway Workers of Greater New York, should be recognized by the company and its demands for increased pay arbitrated.

The net outcome of the unsuccessful strike has been: Evidence that there is little public sympathy for any interference with the right of the public to use the subways; that fair questions as to wages and working conditions should be submitted to arbitration without the requirement that all classes of employees should join in the movement; that the finances of the subways should be so adjusted that a company should not be forced at the same time to admit that skilled employees ought to have better pay and that it is impossible to accord it because the company's increasing earnings are not large enough to pay overhead and bond interest; and that the loss to the company of an average of $50,000 a day through the strike by deflection of their passenger traffic is not a helpful way to improve this condition.

The Texas Primary

RETURNS, apparently conclusive, from the Texas Democratic primary give Attorney-General Dan Moody a plurality of more than 100,000 votes over Governor Miriam A. Ferguson and indicate a possible majority for him of all votes cast. By the terms of a wager, Mrs. Ferguson will shortly resign her office. She proposed at the outset of the primary campaign that she resign if she did not lead Moody by 25,000 and that he leave his office if he failed to best her by one vote. She has decided not to resign immediately, but to do so at the end of a thirty-day extra session of the Legislature which she has called for September 13.

Moody will almost certainly serve as

Keystone

Dan Moody

the next Governor. Even if he should fail of a clear majority, Governor Ferguson has said that she will not oppose him in a run-off primary. There is small chance of his defeat in the November election. The Democratic nomination has always been equivalent to election in Texas.

Moody owes his prominence to his antagonism to the Fergusons. Just as "Ma" Ferguson offered the only means of defeating a Klan candidate, Moody offered the only means of eliminating the Fergusons. The primary was not a weighing of the comparative merits of the candidates, but a bitter personal contest between Moody and James E. Ferguson, who was technically not even a candidate. By a series of grand jury investigations and court actions to rescind highway construction contracts awarded at the dictation of James E. Ferguson, Moody pitted himself against the administration. From that time on publicity centered upon "Jim" Ferguson and "Dan" Moody.

"Ma" Ferguson's administration has not been happy. She has been regarded as a political subterfuge for her husband, who, as Governor, was impeached and debarred from again holding the office. He made her speeches and apparently many of her decisions and appointments. He appeared to exercise great authority without a vestige of responsibility, but facetiously characterized himself as the "hired hand" at the Governor's mansion.

Mrs. Ferguson was not defeated because she is a woman and her fate probably has no bearing on women in politics. The primary which brought her defeat brought the nomination of a woman for State Senator.

An Irrepressible Force—

"IF an irresistible force," ran the old query propounded to every boy when he got fairly well along in a primary text-book on physics, "encounters an immovable object, what," etc.?

Some boy may have guessed that the object would be disintegrated, the force dissipated, and nothing left but heat. That may be the answer—or it may not. Perhaps we shall know when the Congressional elections are over and House and Senate reassemble, lame ducks and all, to complete the work of the Sixty-ninth Congress.

The agricultural relief force is as irresistible as ever, the Administration object as immovable.

Farm organization leaders of the Middle West, composing the Committee of Twenty-two and the Corn Belt Committee, met in Des Moines on July 20, as soon as they conveniently could after the adjournment of Congress. Without any dissension, so far as the reports reveal, these Committees reframed a program of agricultural relief legislation that does not differ in any essential particular from the Haugen Bill of the recent session. That is the platform upon which the farm organizations represented will stand when Congress meets in December.

But this meeting went further than others have gone. It crystallized what had been said in Washington and elsewhere to the effect that the farm relief fight is, at bottom, a tariff fight. It demanded "a tariff for all or a tariff for none." It condemned the National Administration, "including Secretary Mellon, Secretary Hoover, and Secretary Jardine, which opposes any move to make the tariff effective for agriculture."

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It demanded Congressional inquiries into the activities of an alleged industrialist lobby and the "interference" of Secretary of Commerce Hoover with the affairs of the Department of Agriculture. It revived the intimation of months gone, that Secretary of Agriculture Jardine is "Hoover's man."

On the following day Iowa Republicans met in State Convention, which reiterated much of what the farmer meeting had said. It demanded that "the policy of economic equality of agriculture with other industries shall be carried into effect by the enactment of legislation which will permit the establishment of an American price level, just as the protective tariff accomplishes that result for manufactured products." It received Smith W. Brookhart back into full fellowship. It applauded Senator Cummins for his recent statement that, if the Haugen plan were rejected as a special privilege, the protective tariff could not be defended. Then, being a Republican Convention, it took a phrase out of storage and indorsed the National Republican Administration "for its efficient and wise conduct of the Government in accordance with Republican principles."

An Obdurate Object—

ON the same day that the Republicans were holding their Convention in Iowa, the day after the farmers' meeting in Des Moines, Senator Fess, of Ohio, visited President Coolidge at White Pine Camp. On the way out he stopped long enough to talk with the numerous reporters who wait about the gates. He made it clear that the Administration leaders in the Senate will again offer the substance of the Fess and Tincher Bills at the next session—the same that they offered at the last session, the same that the farm bloc Senators rejected. Along with it, he suspected, will be offered some provisions for strengthening the Co-operative Marketing Bill passed at the last session, some perfecting of the machinery for helping farmers to organize.

That, it can hardly be doubted, is the program which the Administration will put forward when Congress meets in December. Senator Fess, however, did not profess to speak for the President. He discussed various phases of politics. He denied that there will be a serious movement against the tariff. He expressed the belief that, at the worst, the Republicans will be able to organize the next Senate, "if the insurgents vote as Republicans."

The appearances are, thus early, that the force will remain irresistible and the object immovable through another session. What may happen beyond that time depends on many things, most of all, perhaps, on the results of the elections for Senators and Representatives this fall.

Keystone

John W. O'Leary

And What May Happen

THERE are indications that there may be presented at the next session of Congress a third plan for agricultural relief, not a mere variation of the Administration plan or the farm organizations' plan. Possibly it may, in the end, absorb both the others.

While the farmers' organization Committees were meeting in Des Moines and Senator Fess was on Lake Osgood, John W. O'Leary, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, was preparing a statement on this subject. He said, in substance, what The Outlook said some weeks ago, that "the farmer's business is the Nation's business." But he went further than The Outlook undertook to go.

American business, said Mr. O'Leary, needs the answer as much as the farmer needs it, because without a stable and healthy agriculture "there can be no promise of health in other fields of endeavor." The business man, he said, cannot stand by with folded hands while the farmer gropes in the shadows. He made the fact clear that the difficulties of agriculture are not due to any single defect which can be wholly cured by a legal enactment.

"The solution will come," continued Mr. O'Leary, "from the labors of dispassionate and orderly counsel wherein voices shouting for the alignment of one interest against another—as though that could be and either one survive!—will find no receptive ear. It must be a gathering of common interests, inspired by understanding."

Without definitely calling a council, he tendered the good offices of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and concluded with the statement, "The agricultural situation is everybody's business."

Weather and World Peace

"THIS heat is terrible! We never have anything like it down home." That sounds like the statement of a Southerner on a summer visit to New York City. But it happens to be the statement, in substance, of the Sultan of Morocco on a summer visit to Paris. Very likely he will be going home soon; not so much because he finds it cooler there as because he will find his welcome worn out in Paris. The surest way to win the resentment of a metropolis—next to saying that it is no more naughty and no more automotively congested than smaller cities—is to say that it gets hotter than some place farther south.

Here is a slander—if it is a slander—widely repeated; a fallacy—if it is a fallacy—widely held. There are, conservatively estimating, some hundreds of thousands of residents of our Southern States who honestly believe that it is never as hot down there as it sometimes is at the North; hundreds of thousands of residents of Northern cities who righteously resent the imputation of superior hotness to cities which they regard, with some justification, as summer resorts.

Something should be done, but, unfortunately, the official records do not furnish conclusive proof. They show the average temperature of the South to be higher than that of the North, but they do not show anything conclusive as to maximum temperatures. They may appear to, for the moment, but they do not really. Take, just because they happen

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to be next each other in the list of Weather Bureau stations, New York and New Orleans. Yesterday—figuring from the day on which these lines were written—New Orleans had a maximum temperature eight degrees higher than that of New York. But last Wednesday—still figuring from the day on which this is written—New York had a maximum temperature exactly eight degrees higher than that of New Orleans. Something similar would be shown for any number of days and for any number of cities, North and South.

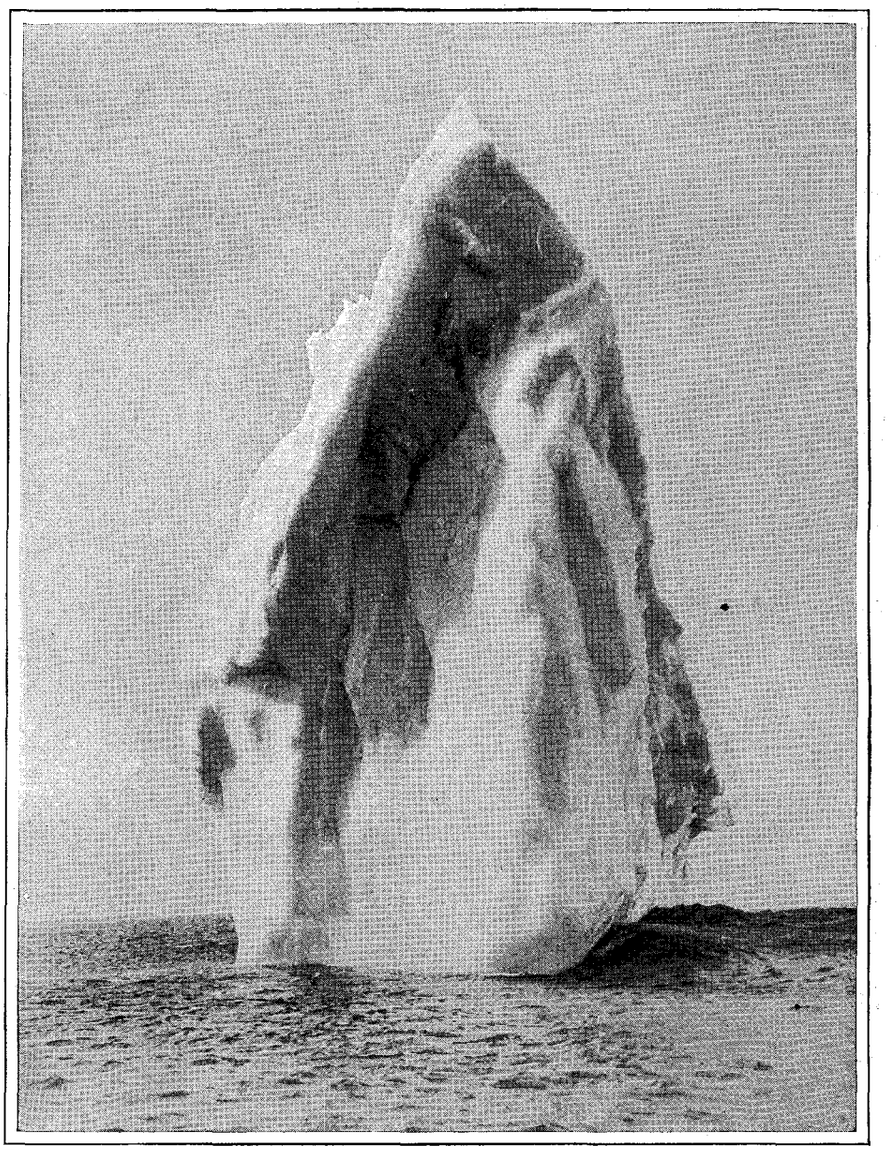
Perhaps all that can be done is to urge people generally to let the weather be a series of natural phenomena instead of a local achievement. A familiarity with weather records outside one's immediate section would help. Despite the fact that every newspaper carries every day a record of weather conditions the country over, there is a widespread Northern belief that the whole South is always boiling hot in summer, and an equally widespread Southern belief that the entire North is zero cold all winter. Travel does not appear to lessen the preconceived prejudice. Nobody ever seems to realize that practically all places get too hot sometimes in summer and too cold sometimes in winter, but that most of them are fairly comfortable during the greater part of the time.

League of Nations, Locarno, and what not else to the contrary, we shall never have a world united in good will until all of us achieve that humility of spirit which will enable us to claim something less than perfection for our own particular brand of climate. No doubt the Sultan of Morocco was provoked to his somewhat extravagant statement by the unqualifiedly extravagant claims of Parisians.

Inoculating Icebergs

THE mixture of aluminum and iron oxide called thermit has long been in use for quickly heating iron (as with rail ends or broken shafts) to high temperature for welding. Professor H. T. Barnes, of McGill University, conceived the plan of using thermit to disrupt or dissolve ice jams, and even icebergs. Last spring he tried the idea on a great and perilous ice jam in the Allegheny River. The results were, some accounts stated, highly successful.

This summer Professor Barnes has been in Newfoundland and has tested his thermit process on Arctic icebergs. A press despatch says, "Three icebergs which were treated by his process disrupted speedily, cracking and disintegrating in a manner resembling Vesuvius in action." The full account of this remarkable experiment will be awaited with interest.



Wide World

A Battle-Ship of the Ice Fleet—discovered by the scouts of the International Patrol

Already the danger of icebergs to navigation has been greatly lessened by the efforts of American Coast Guard vessels which watch for icebergs on their way toward the transatlantic zones of traffic and by wireless notify vessels of the berg's position and probable course. This patrol is carried on by the United States acting as the executive for eleven countries in association. An account of what has been done in this way appears with fine illustration in the current "National Geographic Magazine." This article states that now for fourteen years no ship has been wrecked by icebergs in the North Atlantic.

Professor Barnes is quoted as saying of the effect of thermit on ice: "The after effects of a charge in a mass of ice over a watercourse work on indefinitely. The whole effect of thermit is similar to the spread of a point of infection from a wound." So in a way one might call this treatment an inoculation, for its action proceeds from within out.

The indications are strong that Professor Barnes is justified in believing that this remarkable force may be used to combat the dangers of ice in river floods and afloat at sea.

Are the Continents Migrating Westward?

WHETHER the continents are fixed solidly in place, as has long been believed, or whether some of them are

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imperceptibly drifting westward and equatorward under the tidal forces of the moon, is the unusual question which is shortly to be tested by the International Geodetic and Geophysical Union and the International Astronomical Union. By means of radio time signals instantly transmitted to a network of stations covering most of the earth, the precise longitude of each chosen point will be determined. Then, after about five years, the same tests will be conducted in exactly the same places. So accurately is it now possible to determine time or longitude by radio signals that if in the meantime any of the continents have shifted by as little as a few feet it will be known with certainty.

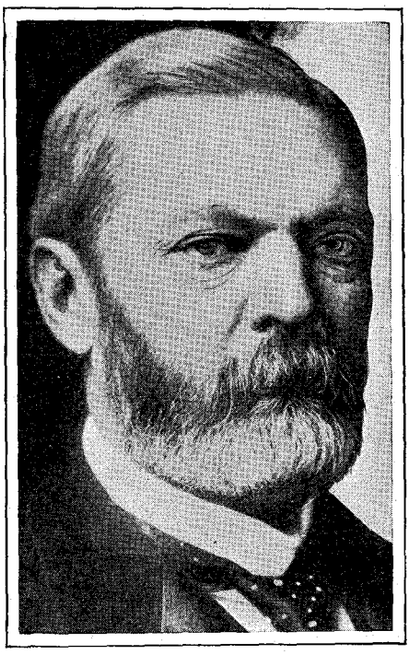
Since the World War geologists and other scientists have treated with growing seriousness a hypothesis to which the name of Professor Alfred Wegener, of the University of Graz, Austria, has become attached. Only recently Wegener's interesting book, "The Origin of Continents and Oceans," was published in English, although its author was engaged in research on the Wegener Hypothesis during the World War. He postulates what most geologists accept—that if we could penetrate the earth's crust to a depth of about sixty miles or more we should find a zone of rock between the granite of the crust and the basalt beneath that is subject to extremely slow flow under long-continued stresses. This zone is something like pitch, only far more rigid.

Science Withholds Its Opinion

In 1910 Wegener noted on a globe of the earth what others had noted before him—that the several continents, especially the Americas and Europe-Africa, could be fitted together like a jig-saw puzzle. Originally, he believes, all the present land masses formed a single great continent covering one-fourth of the earth. Late in the great coal-forming period, the Carboniferous, this began to break up, for some reason he does not name. Later, about the time that dinosaurs were beginning to evolve, South America split off from Africa. This split, like a rip in a piece of cloth, lengthened for millions of years, finally resulting just after the last ice age in the complete separation of the New World from the Old and the formation of the Atlantic Ocean bed.

To-day there is tentative evidence that Greenland is drifting westward at the rate of about a hundred feet a year, and other land masses at a lower rate. It is this hypothetical phenomenon which the world's geophysicists, geodesists, and astronomers are about to test.

Bizarre as Wegener's Hypothesis may seem at first to the layman without previous acquaintance with it, it has already won many tentative adherents among scientists. Although there are several objections to it, so many things in the earth's history that have been difficult to explain before can be explained if one grants its essential truth that it will not be cast aside without much previous experimentation. It involves a slow migration of the earth's poles and tropics, thus explaining why fossils of tropical plants are found in the Arctic and indubitable evidences of great ice ages in the tropics. Needless to say, science has not yet accepted or rejected the Wegener Hypothesis.



International

Colonel Washington A. Roebling

Conservation and the Sportsman

The United States has a new Chief Game Warden. He is Captain Harold P. Sheldon, who for the past five years has been State Game and Fish Commissioner of Vermont. Captain Sheldon approaches his larger work with the statement that "the American sportsman is winning in his fight to conserve and perpetuate the wild game of the United States." He thinks that present policies and projects are well conceived and will result in a steady increase of wild life.

Nothing should be said to lessen the fine optimism of a new incumbent in so important a position, but he is not sufficiently inclusive in giving credit. There are indications that the fight to conserve wild life in the United States is being won, but to say that it is being won by the sportsmen alone is to overlook the contribution of numerous other agencies not interested in wild life primarily for the sake of shooting. It is always to be remembered that there are many reasons other than love of hunting for conserving wild life.

No doubt it is true, as Captain Sheldon says, that "the future will certainly provide a reasonable abundance of game to a greater number of sportsmen," but that is only one of several objects of Conservation. Most of the species for whose preservation a fight has been necessary have their economic importance. Bob White, for instance, is certainly as important to the farmer whose wheat field he patrols for insects as he is to the sportsman who finally bags him.

"Never before," says Captain Sheldon, "have the official agencies of Conservation found such large sums of money at their disposal." They may not find them so large again if the impression gets abroad that Conservation is solely for the purpose of providing an "abundance of game to a greater number of sportsmen."

Builder of a Great Bridge

Colonel Washington A. Roebling, who died recently, in Trenton, New Jersey, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, left behind him a memorial such as few men can achieve. To his daring and genius was due the construction of the first suspension bridge between Brooklyn and Manhattan, which still remains the most graceful and efficient structure of its kind in the world.

The conception of his father, John A. Roebling, a maker of wire and cables, was left, through the death of the elder, for the son to carry through to completion. This he did, overcoming the while great difficulties. He personally supervised the sinking of the coffer-dams, upon which the foundations for the stone towers were laid, and in so

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doing contracted a dread malady known as "the bends"—otherwise, the caisson disease—that comes from working under air pressure. This incapacitated him from being on the ground, and he established himself in a room on Brooklyn Heights, from which he followed the progress of the work with a field-glass.

Begun as a private enterprise, which the corporation was unable to carry on, the bridge became the property of the two cities, as they then existed, Brooklyn paying two-thirds and New York one-third of the cost. Opened May 26, 1883, it has carried in safety more traffic than any other bridge ever built and remains a marvel of beauty as well as usefulness. It was so perfectly designed that Mr. Roebling believed the truss would stand without the aid of the cables, yet it is the lightest in material of all its sisters that now span the East River.

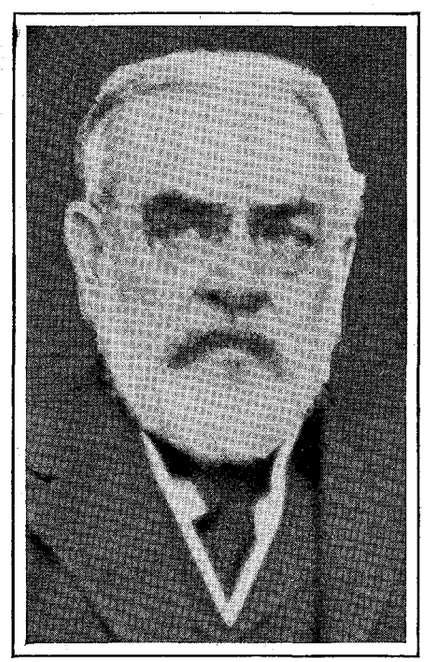
Robert Todd Lincoln

THE death of Robert Todd Lincoln extinguished the White House family of the Civil War period and removed from the world the last but one of the men who had intimate personal contact with Abraham Lincoln. And, in the main, the son's knowledge of his father died with him. Robert T. Lincoln persistently refused to contribute anything to biographies of his father, and only once was induced to make a speech at a Lincoln celebration. On that occasion he confined his remarks to expressions of appreciation of the people's admiration for the character of Lincoln. It may be assumed, however, that he was keenly interested in what was said and written of his father, since on numerous occasions he undertook to correct what he regarded as misrepresentations.

All sons of prominent men are more or less embarrassed by the reflected greatness of their fathers. Some of them, none the less, make use of it for personal advancement. To avoid this, or any appearance of it, was apparently Robert T. Lincoln's greatest care throughout his life. It may be that had Robert T. Lincoln not been the son of Abraham Lincoln President Garfield would not have appointed him Secretary of War and that President Harrison would not have made him Ambassador to Great Britain, but Mr. Lincoln did not employ the name of his great father in order to secure the only two public offices that he ever held, and he succeeded in the law and in business quite on his own resources.

Can Poincaré Make France Pay?

WHEN Raymond Poincaré, as Premier of France, became convinced that Germany meant to dodge her duty to pay for the damage done by her armies in the World War, he sent the French armies into the Ruhr Valley. The grip they took on that valuable and productive coal-mining and steel-making region hurt all Germany. It doubtless contributed largely to the achievement of the reparations agreement of 1924, under which Germany is now working and paying.



Keystone

Robert Todd Lincoln

Now France has turned again to Poincaré to save her from financial panic. When he was in office before, the country already was deep in economic troubles, facing heavy obligations at home and abroad. The war had cost dear, and in addition there was the hard struggle to rebuild the devastated areas. And, unfortunately, to the unavoidable burden on the nation was added a burden of private graft in the patriotic business of reconstruction. Individual fortunes were made out of reconstruction contracts—some by men now prominent in French public life—which hardly would bear public investigation. So Frenchmen had increased the heavy load the French people were carrying.

Poincaré proposed drastic increases in taxation. The measures he suggested were unpopular; and his radical foes and the critics of his coercive policy toward Germany combined to force him out of power. Since then, under Ministries led by Herriot, Painlevé, and Briand, the nation has seen its finances go from bad to worse, its internal debt grow, and its currency drop in value from 20 francs to the dollar to 40 francs to the dollar. After the fall of the last Briand Cabinet and a futile two-day experiment with a Cabinet under Herriot, President Doumergue called Poincaré back to office.

He has made a brilliant start by forming an "all-star" Cabinet of National Unity, comprising conservatives and radicals, former foes as well as friends, and including five ex-Premiers besides himself: Briand, French Socialist, as Foreign Minister; Painlevé, Republican Socialist; Barthou, Republican Unionist; Leygues, moderate Republican; and even Herriot, leader of the Radicals and Radical Socialists in opposing the conservative Nationalists under Poincaré. André Tardieu, once the chief henchman of the old war Premier Clemenceau, it is interesting to note, likewise is in the new Cabinet. Yet it remains to be seen whether Poincaré can be as effective in dealing with his own countrymen as he was with Germany.

The shoal which has wrecked the fiscal plans of other Governments is the present Chamber of Deputies, the lower house of the French Parliament. It is divided into two camps which represent differences of opinion in the country regarding economic policy. All Frenchmen agree that the franc must be saved from total loss of value. But on the question of how more revenue is to be secured to accomplish it they split into arguing factions. The conservatives suggest increases in indirect taxes—those that fall on things which people have to buy and use. The radicals suggest increases in direct taxes—those that fall on incomes and business profits and inheritances—and, if necessary, a levy on private capital. The conservative plan obviously would bear hardest on the masses of the people; the radical plan would hit the rich. The conservative

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wing in the Parliament, known as the National Bloc, is strong enough to impede the radical program; and the radical wing, known as the Left Bloc, can stop the conservative plan. On the question of ways and means of raising more money it may be as hard to get them to work together as ever.

Some French leaders—Briand, Caillaux, Bérenger—have advocated war-debt agreements with the United States and Great Britain, and then loans from American and British bankers. But influential conservative and radical spokesmen alike have opposed ratification of the agreements—especially the one with the United States—or further foreign credits. This is the basis on which it is understood that Poincaré and Herriot are co-operating. The new Ministry makes the debt settlement with the United States more doubtful than it seemed.

Poincaré is thrown back, therefore, on internal taxation and such aid as the Bank of France can give. The Bank, founded in 1800 by Napoleon I, is known as the bank of the people. It differs from other great national banks in that, by legal requirement, it deals with private individuals, making loans as small as one dollar. In an ordinary year before the war it made some 250,000 loans of amounts not over two dollars, and nearly half of a total of some 9,000,000 bills discounted were for amounts less than $20. Thus it has the closest possible relation to the French nation, in widely scattered small transactions as well as in large ones. Subject to state control, it has the sole right to issue bank notes in order to discount bills and to supply currency against securities. It may also lend to the state, and twice for this purpose (in 1848 and 1871) has issued notes not repayable in gold. During the Franco-Prussian War it lent the Government 1,600,000,000 francs, which were refunded in eight years. But barring such emergency measures, the Government's credit with the Bank has been nearly exhausted.

Poincaré's attempt to settle the French financial crisis, which is being characterized probably too pessimistically as France's "last grand effort," really depends on his ability to do with the French politicians and people what his determination accomplished with the German politicians and people—make them argue less and pay more.

A Contrast in Courage

TWO men, one a newspaper editor, the other a Protestant minister, have recently been in the "front page" news, as it is called. The first is dead, a victim of the criminal gang whose vice in politics and politics in vice he had bravely attacked. The other in his own ministerial study killed a man who, his friends say, was unarmed, but from whom the minister believed that his own life was in danger.

The first was a martyr to public duty;

International

Don R. Mellett

he died in an effort to make his town cleaner. Failure to find his murderer is laid in despatches to the fear of revenge against any witness by the members of a criminal gang having political influence. One despatch says: "Average Canton is inclined to relegate the things for which Mellett fought to that vague, general limbo of politics." What was the service that the other man was doing to his community? He has imputed his danger to a Catholic conspiracy and to anti-Klan activities, and the leader of the local Klan says that Norris will have the Klan support and Norris remarked to reporters: "There is a difference between remorse and regret. I have no remorse for having had to kill this poor man."

With every disposition to believe that Mr. Norris, of Fort Worth, at least thought that he was taking life in self-defense, it cannot be said that his campaign was one for public virtue, but rather for religious intolerance. Six months ago The Outlook published an account of another campaign of his. It was called "Two-Gun Norris Wins," and ends with the words "Two-Gun Norris got his man." The appellation was a queer one for a minister of the Gospel; it was figurative, to be sure, but his admirers used it to express appreciation of his fighting qualities. And who was the man he "got," and how did he get him? The man was an Episcopal clergyman, and Norris's glorious victory was in driving him out of the State because he differed from this ardent and doctrinally pugnacious minister about the Virgin Birth and other tenets of "Fundamentalism."

There are different ways of being courageous. We like the way of Editor Mellett, of Canton, better than that of the Rev. Mr. Norris, of Fort Worth.

A Telegraphic Promise

From LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

MY readers this week will have to accept a brief telegram in place of my usual article, for I am writing in the interior of Glacier National Park, fifty miles by automobile from the nearest railway station. Our completely appointed hotel stands on the shores of a jewel of a lake nearly five thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by the beetling snow-patched peaks of some of the most majestic of the Rocky Mountains. The party with which I am traveling is the Columbia River Historical Expedition, under the generous auspices of the Great Northern Railway and its progressive President, Ralph Budd. The expedition has been to Astoria, Oregon, at the mouth of the Columbia River, to dedicate a beautiful monument which has been erected in honor of Captain Robert Gray, Lewis and Clark, and John Jacob Astor, foremost among

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the discoverers and founders of the Oregon country more than a century ago. Never before has the logic of the slogan "See America First" so impressed me. The United States is not only full of historic interest and national beauty, but is economically sound and healthy. The great Northwest is a social, political, and scenic wonder. This statement, which may seem extravagant to some Easterners, I shall have to leave to be substantiated in a later article. In the meantime I paraphrase Horace Greeley's motto by saying, "Go Northwest, young traveler."

Etiquette and Ammunition

The record of a search for information

By HAROLD T. PULSIFER

I KNOW little or nothing of the properties of ammunition above the sizes required for shotgun or rifle. I do not intend to pose as a chemist or an ordnance officer. I present this avowal of ignorance simultaneously with a confession of curiosity which I think I share with thousands upon thousands of others.

This curiosity, it seems, is an entirely natural phenomenon. Since the Lake Denmark disaster I, like many others, have been wondering what might be done to safeguard, not only Government property required for the defense of the Nation, but also the lives of those who are forced by circumstance to dwell in peace time on the brink of potential volcanoes.

A few days ago a report reached me from a source that I trust. The report stated that part at least of the Lake Denmark disaster was due to the fact that shells were stored with their fuzes already inserted. As a journalist, it seemed to be my job to find out if it had been the practice to store shells at Lake Denmark with fuzes inserted, and whether or not this was regarded by competent authorities as a safe practice.

The following telegram was sent to the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Ordnance:

> We have a report from a source which we trust that shells at Lake Denmark were stored with fuzes inserted. Is this the case, and is this the general practice at naval arsenals? Will you be good enough to confirm or deny this report by telegraph collect? If this has been the practice, do you regard it as a safe one? We are checking up this report through other sources, but want very much to have your views.

He answered:

> Some projectiles at Lake Denmark were stored loaded and fuzed. It is the practice to keep a certain number so loaded and fuzed at all naval ammunition depots. I regard this practice to be safe, as fuzes are designed for such stowage and are safe until fired from gun.—CHIEF OF BUREAU ORDNANCE.

That answer confirmed the statement of fact and supplied high authority for the safety of the practice.

To secure further confirmation of the safety of this practice a telegram was sent to Admiral Edward W. Eberle, Chief of Naval Operations.

> Is it regarded as safe practice on shipboard to store shells with fuzes already inserted? Is a fuzed shell more likely to explode from shock or fire than unfuzed shell? In battle are not fuzes inserted just prior to firing? Will be grateful if you will send me reply by night letter collect.

Admiral Eberle replied as follows:

> Long-standing practice our Navy store projectiles shipboard with fuzes inserted before delivery considered safer than handling fuzes separately on board. Construction preserves safe condition until fired from gun. Fire hazardous through heating main charge rather than fuze.

Since the Field Artillery and the Coast Artillery also make use of shells of various calibers, I sought to secure information as to military practice in the storage of ammunition. The following telegram was sent to Major-General William J. Snow, Chief of Field Artillery:

> Is it regarded as safe practice by the Field Artillery to store shells in ammunition dumps loaded and fuzed? Was it not the practice during the World War to insert fuzes in all shells just before firing? Would a fuzed shell be more likely to explode from shock or heat than unfuzed shell?

He promptly answered:

> Field Artillery practice regards some fuzes as safe for storage assembled to projectiles, other fuzes not assembled until immediately before firing. Not practicable to answer your questions without detailed knowledge of fuzes inquired about.

A telegram similar to that sent to the Chief of Field Artillery brought forth the response from General Hero, Chief of Coast Artillery, that his branch of the service had no part in the manufacture of explosives or ammunition or in the construction of storage. A telegram preceding the letter from General Hero referred us to the War Department for further information.

A telegram of inquiry to Major-General Clarence C. Williams, Chief of Ordnance, brought forth a declination of the information desired; on the ground that our inquiry referred to the Lake Denmark explosion, and that the matter should be referred to the Navy Department.

An effort to secure from the Secretary of War permission for the chiefs of his bureaus to answer our requests for general information brought the following telegraphic response from Hanford Macnider, Acting Secretary of War:

> An answer to your questions would involve a lengthy and technical discussion of a subject under investigation by the Navy Department. I deem it inappropriate for Army experts to give opinions except to official Navy Board, which has full cognizance of points at issue.

Major-General Hines, Chief of Staff, in reply to a previous telegram foreshadowed the decision of the War Department by wiring us as follows:

> Your inquiry received. It apparently has reference to recent disaster at Lake Denmark. It would be entirely inappropriate for me to express any views on the matter at this time unless called upon officially for them. Regret I am unable to comply with your request.

So far it seems that my search for information from the Army has run up against a stone wall. I can only add that the Safety Manual of the Ordnance Department of the United States Army for operating plants using hazardous material discusses the handling of ammunition in the following words. Referring

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to base fuzed ammunition, the manual says:

> Since it contains the fuze, it must be handled more carefully than other types.

The manual continues:

> Nose-fuzed ammunition is fuzed only as used; compared with base-fuzed fixed ammunition, it is less sensitive until fuzed. Shrapnel is nose-fuzed and is shipped ready for use; it is in the same class with base-fuzed ammunition as far as sensitivity is concerned but contains a comparatively small explosive charge.

These statements refer to the sensitiveness of fixed ammunition, and therefore deal with shells of the smaller sizes.

The manual includes the text of a placard to be placed on a magazine which reads:

> Fuzed ammunition, loaded shell, or drop bombs, must not be stored in this magazine with either ammonium nitrate, wet nitrocellulose, or other explosives.

Is it correct to draw from these two statements the conclusion that the Army regards fuzed ammunition as more sensitive than unfuzed ammunition, and that therefore the attitude of the Army toward such ammunition differs somewhat from that expressed by the Bureau of Naval **Ordnance** in the telegrams previously quoted?

Perhaps my inquiries may seem to the reader to have resulted in little of definite value, but they seem to me to make clear one point.

The storage of ammunition in large quantities is not only a problem for the Navy. It is also a problem for the Army. If Army officers have anything to contribute in the way of opinion or information (there is at least an indication that they think they have in the telegrams from Secretary Macnider and General Hines, and from other information in our possession), then they should by all means be given a chance to testify before the Naval Board of Inquiry.

Professional etiquette may properly keep an army officer silent when the question at issue seems on the surface to involve only a matter of naval administration. Those who live near ammunition dumps are concerned, however, not with questions of professional etiquette, but with securing the assurance that the best military and naval brains in the country are watching out for their safety. After a man's house has been destroyed and his wife and children killed, he may lose some of his interest in military and naval etiquette.

Three Men from Maryland

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

You gave us once the best of rye,
Maryland, my Maryland,
And now, the men to make us dry,
Maryland, my Maryland;
With Carmine east and Jacobs west
And Billard boss there'll be no rest:
Rum Row must crumble 'neath the test,
Maryland, my Maryland!
—*Coast Guard Chantey.*

CALL it coincidence if you will, but genius does certainly sometimes play some clever pranks upon geography. You all know about Kentucky's proud boast that Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were born in the same county. Now Maryland has the right to make a similar boast.

In the little town of East Newmarket, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in October, 1862, was born a boy they christened William Van Edmondson Jacobs, and three years later, just six miles away, was born another boy, who took the "trimmings" George Creighton Carmine. Nothing very strange or remarkable about that except for what has followed long years afterwards. Destiny had it all mapped out that these two sons of Maryland would some day be saddled together for what seemed the most impossible task ever set for mortal hands since Hercules consulted the Delphic oracle. Carmine was sent forth to dry up the Atlantic Ocean and Jacobs's job was to mop up the Pacific.

(C) Bachrach

Rear-Admiral Frederick C. Billard—Commandant of the United States Coast Guard

Lest there should be an Englishman listening in upon this story, perhaps it should be explained without further ado with jesting that we are talking about prohibition enforcement and that Captain Jacobs, of the United States Coast Guard, has charge of this stupendous task on the Pacific coast, while Captain Carmine, also of the Coast Guard, virtually directs the work for the whole of the Atlantic side, having the important post of Commander of the New York Division, which extends from the mouth of the Delaware River to the mouth of the Thames River, at New London, Connecticut, with the shores of Lake Ontario thrown in for good measure. Both men have succeeded to a measure that astonishes the Nation, which looks on with open-mouthed wonder. This miracle which these sons of Maryland have so nearly mastered would be complete if it went no further. But it just so happens that Rear-Admiral Frederick C. Billard himself, Commandant of the entire Coast Guard, likewise also signed into the service from Maryland. Stranger than fiction runs the story when one keeps in mind the fact that it was Maryland that formerly produced the most, and connoisseurs say the best, rye whisky of all the geographical areas of earth.

WORTHY of a more solemn consideration than this mere flippant comment is the great outstanding fact that under the direction of these three men from Maryland the Coast Guard is making good. There is no such thing as Rum Row any more. That phantom-like something has vanished from the high seas. Occasionally there is a desultory capture of a rum boat, but most of the financial backers have become bankrupt, like a certain Englishman of rank who

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frankly admitted that the Coast Guard activities on this side the Atlantic had caused his gigantic venture as a bootlegger to collapse. Others have been sent to jail and still others are on their way to jail through the courts, all upon evidence procured by the Coast Guard in its remarkable and masterful crusade against defenders who defied the powers of a democracy. The strategy of Billard, Carmine, and Jacobs when they determined little more than a year ago to send an armada against the liquor fleet off New York Harbor, flank the offenders with patrol boats, and keep them under surveillance day and night to prevent contact with shore through the smaller boats called rum-runners will go down in history along with the brilliant achievements of the American Navy.

FROM the first conception of a "Dry Navy" there were many obstacles in the way; first of all, that old popular fetish, the three-mile limit; everybody knew that under the terms of international law there was "freedom of the seas" three miles from shore. What powers of seizure could the Coast Guard have beyond the three-mile limit? Such was the reasoning of the bootlegger, and lo! there came flocking within sight of Sandy Hook scores of liquor ships flying the flags of England, France, Holland, Germany, Scandinavian countries, and even the countries of the Mediterranean.

Such contemptuous interference with a country's domestic and interior laws might have caused a rupture elsewhere. Mussolini might have taken command of the Italian war-ships, had it been a gesture against Italy, and driven the offenders off toward Scylla and Charybdis. Sure it is that if American ships had anchored off the shores of Great Britain with the intent of mocking at the customs laws of that Government John Bull would have deemed it tantamount to a declaration of war and would have ordered the contraband cargoes seized or the boats sunk. But Uncle Sam is a very patient old gentleman at times. It is better to be safe than sorry. Surely, some way could be found to surmount the technicality of the three-mile-limit regulation.

One of the Federal district attorneys in New York about that time found buried in the statutes an ancient law which said that any vessel apprehended while discharging its cargo twelve miles from the shores of the United States could be seized as a carrier of contraband and confiscated under the customs laws. Quickly did the newly formed "Dry Navy" seize upon the opportunity thus offered to capture the vessels of the liquor fleet, or at least enough of them to try the matter out in the courts. At the time Captain Jacobs was in command of the New York Division of the Coast Guard. By training a school-teacher and thoroughly alive to the necessity of going by rule, he took every precaution against deviations from the old twelve-mile statute which the District Attorney had dug up. He made sure that the ships were actually engaged in unloading their contraband cargoes to smaller craft of American registry at the time of pouncing down upon them with his Coast Guard patrol boats. He brought into New York Bay several large steamers and sailing vessels, placed their crews under arrest, stored their highly valued cargoes which at bootleg prices were valued in the millions, and sent their ships to Newark Bay, which came to be called "Uncle Sam's graveyard for seized rum boats." The Federal courts wrestled with the issues thus drawn.

Meanwhile, Admiral Billard, the head of the Coast Guard, who had also been a school-teacher and knew the value of precision and sticking to rules, began asking of the powers that be down there in Washington, "Why can't we ask for special treaties in this matter?" The better judgment of the English people was not in sympathy with the filibusterers who were bringing over ships loaded with contraband liquor. It was in sympathy with the American Nation in making what Lloyd George frankly described as the "greatest experiment of all times" with prohibition. Billard's point was finally carried, and the now famous "twelve-mile" treaty with Great Britain was duly signed. By its terms the Coast Guard of the United States was given power to seize any ship caught in the act of unloading contraband liquor within one hour's sailing time from shore. In other words, if the rum-runner found alongside the liquor ship might make twelve, or twenty, or even thirty-five knots an hour, the whole party could be raided and the whole cargo confiscated and the boats sold by a United States marshal. France and other countries made the same kind of treaties.

At that time Bermuda, to the south, and St. Pierre Miquelon, a little French island to the north of Nova Scotia, had become the stations or bases for the smugglers. Millions of dollars were behind the syndicates which kept millions of cases of liquor stored on these islands, and millions of dollars were behind other syndicates right here in the United States backing up the flotilla of smaller boats used as rum-runners to go out from shore and bring back the cargoes of the liquor fleet anchored in Rum Row. Some days there could be seen a hundred of these small boats, each one equipped with high-powered Liberty engines, passing out by Sandy Hook and returning later, mostly at night, with loads of from 300 to 500 cases of liquor. The shores of New Jersey and Long Island were lined with these liquor ships, which then became referred to by the convenient sobriquet "Rum Row."

Up to this time the strategy of the Coast Guard had been directed to the seizure of the small boats that were running between shore and the larger ships of the liquor fleet. The officers knew that they had no cutters or patrol boats which could compete with the speedy greyhounds of the bootleggers, so it was planned to lie in wait for the smaller craft around the Narrows or that little strip of water between Staten Island and Brooklyn in New York Bay and bring rum-runners to a halt by firing shots at them. But with the new twelve-mile treaties at hand, Admiral Billard, himself a strategist of no mean degree, determined upon a broader plan of action. He scanned his list of cutters, strung all along the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico. He conceived the idea of marshaling them all to New York and of sending a great armada against Rum Row, which had become a National disgrace. It was then that he thought of Carmine, sometimes called the "Bob Evans" of the Coast Guard because of his rough-and-ready manner, his dynamic personality, his "hard-boiled," reckless way of doing things. Captain Carmine was then just coming back from Bering Sea before the ice formed. He had spent many years of his sea duty up there in Alaskan waters, keeping the Japanese and other poachers away from the seal fisheries, and so forth. Carmine was needed in New York. It would take just such a man in conjunction with Jacobs to start the drive against Rum Row. Billard sent for Carmine and made him second in command to Jacobs.

THOSE of us who have been in close touch with the Coast Guard's activities ever since it was saddled with the responsible task of enforcing prohibition on the coast-lines will long remember that Sunday afternoon in 1924 when the armada of the "Dry Navy" formed in New York Bay. Twenty-three of the largest cutters from as far south as Mobile and as far north as Portsmouth were anchored off Staten Island and twenty grim destroyers which Congress had ordered transferred from the Navy took their positions in the background, while nearly a hundred small picket and patrol boats mingled their drab, slate-colored

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Captain George C. Carmine (right) and Captain W. V. E. Jacobs (left). Jacobs heads the Coast Guard on the Pacific coast and Carmine has the New York Division

hulls in the picture. As things have turned out, that was an eventful day, for it meant the death knell of Rum Row and a long step forward in proving that prohibition can be enforced, that the law of the land can withstand the jabs and gibes of a nullificationist minority.

The game was this: Surround each liquor ship in Rum Row with two or more armed Government boats, keep a continuous watch upon them night and day, so as to preclude all possibility of unloading to a venturesome small boat from the shore. If the supply ship pulled up anchor and moved away, the Coast Guard boats would follow it. Contact with shore was thus effectively cut off, and after a few of the vessels had been captured for daring to unload within one hour's sailing time from shore, one by one the others pulled anchor and went away. Figures tell the rest. There is just one little schooner now off the Atlantic coast in the New York sector loaded with liquor, and this lingering relic of Rum Row is being carefully watched. During the fiscal year ending last June 30 the Coast Guard all around the 10,000 miles of coast made only 243 seizures, as compared with 458 seizures the year before—about one half. From figures kept by a Coast Guard official, the value of the various cargoes seized since the beginning of the intensive drive against the rum vessels amounts to about $17,500,000. This figure is based on a valuation of $50 a case, average price of the bootleggers. No consideration is given here to the immense amount of liquor destroyed or thrown overboard by rum-runners while being chased by the vessels of the Coast Guard, nor does it embrace the value of the ships seized, which probably would run well into the millions.

And now that Rum Row has been destroyed, what next. Will the Coast Guard be reduced? By all means, no! Congress has caught the vision. The Nation has come to see what potentialities lie in this branch of prohibition enforcement. Results count. So the Coast Guard is girding for another fray. The next attack will unquestionably be along the Great Lakes and rivers of the Canadian border, and Canada will, it seems now, give hearty co-operation.

Naturally, there can be but little given out in advance of the National plans by the officials in charge, but the cordial reception granted to General Lincoln C. Andrews and Admiral Billard in Europe must be taken to mean that England and Canada will do everything in their power to enable the United States to proceed unhampered with this "great experiment" of prohibition. Ever since just after the War of 1812 there has been a treaty with Canada by which this country is forbidden to send heavily armed ships on the Great Lakes or into the rivers marking the border-line of Canada. Since the recent political scandals over "liquor smuggling into the United States," resulting in the retirement of the Premier of Canada, the Dominion has indicated that its Government will join hands with the United States and suppress bootlegging over the border. Already the orders have gone out from Ottawa for a goodly portion of the Royal Mounted Police of Canada to be strung along the United States frontier to aid in every way this country in suppressing smugglers of liquor, drugs, and aliens. The Royal Mounted Police will co-operate with the United States Border Patrol, now numbering 800, and it is probable that the Coast Guard will take a hand on the lakes and rivers.

This month—probably August 20—five more destroyers will be turned out of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, to be added to the prohibition enforcement service. Thirteen new 100-foot patrol boats have just been finished at the De Foe Ship Yards, Bay City, Michigan, and Congress passed a bill for the construction of nine new cutters for the Coast Guard at a cost of $10,000,000, of which sum $1,000,000 is immediately available for beginning the work.

The Coast Guard is making good, and the Nation knows it.

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Road Rules for the Mountains

A safety code which has been tested by experience

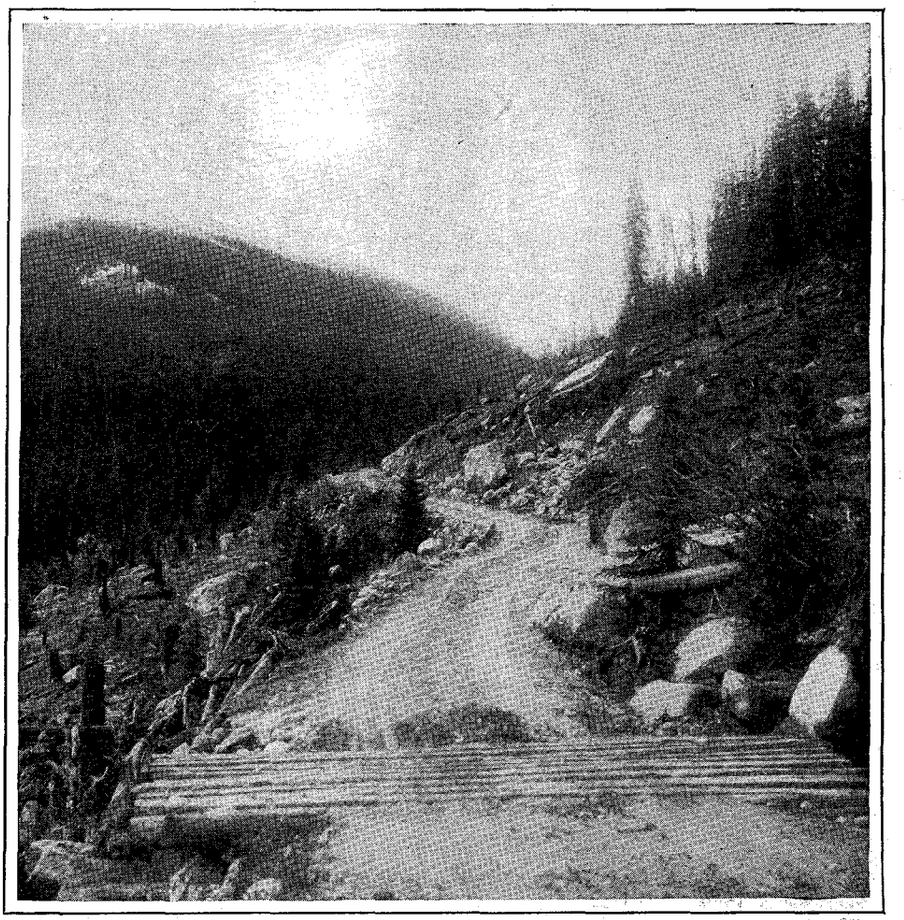
By CHARLES B. ROTH

EACH year a number of the persons who go traveling into the mountains by automobile lose their lives by accidents on the mountain roads. In some sections of the United States—particularly in the high Western mountains—this number is large. In many cases, in most cases, these accidents are unavoidable ones caused by the innocence on the part of the driver new to the mountains of the conditions this type of driving exacts, or to the inability of one used to driving on level roads to adjust his habits and practices to the absolutely different driving of the steeps. For automobile management in the mountains is done by certain rules of a stern, unvarying code; and those who disobey these rules commonly pay a penalty. Yet to drive in the highest of mountains is both pleasurable and safe once you listen to a few simple admonitions and use them in practice.

Nearly all the accidents come when the control of the car is snatched from the driver's hands and taken by that fabled wraith that guards the mountains and resents the intrusion of man. No longer do we believe in fables, of course; we are able to explain the cause of this lack of control by the rules of motion and physics. Usually these accidents occur when the car is going down-hill, rarely when on the up-grade. Therefore in mastering the first rites of the sound mountain driver what you must know is how to manage the car going down-grade.

The old mountain driver takes no chances on the down-grade. That is the part of his work that he most fears. He knows that it is almost impossible to get such speed going up-grade as to lose control of the car. But he also knows that down-grade is another matter, for here the car, independent of motor power, goes plunging and lurching by the force of gravity, gaining momentum with each turn of the wheels, till its speed becomes that of an arrow from the long bow of a stout archer.

It is then that trouble comes. A heavy automobile burning its way down a steep grade is not to be controlled by fabric brakes, though the car may have two or four or six of these. The driver who depends upon such brakes soon burns them out and has none, and is on the mercy of the road, a very untender mercy at times. When the power of the brakes



A typical mountain road of the unimproved variety

allows the driver to stop the car suddenly and lock his wheels and skid about on the road, even then their safety may be a deceit, because if the car is traveling very swiftly this sudden locking of the wheels may swerve it from one side to the other; if the side to which the swerve is directed is the side next to the abyss that is usually the boundary of the mountain road, the car may go over and down.

Knowing all these things from watching others and perhaps from experiments of his own—experiments which made his heart stand on end—the veteran handler of the mountain automobile displaces any confidence in the standard forms of braking and uses a far safer and more efficient force. What is this force that he uses? It is the compression of the motor, and its specific nomination in mountain driving is going down on compression.

The way the trained driver uses compression for gaining and guarding control of his car is this: At the top of the hill—not a little way from the top, not at the center, mind you, but at the very top, before ever he sets wheel on the down-grade—he will judge the steepness of the hill, and then by the dictation of his judgment put his car in one of the speeds provided for its starting and motivation, let in his clutch, and come down in gear. That is all there is to it; yet at all times he has a dependable brake which will not slip, will not wear out, will not burn up.

Most cars have the usual three speeds forward, so that the driver has three degrees of compression braking to choose from. If the hill is long and not very steep, he will choose high speed, which provides a mild form of stoppage useful on mild grades. If it appears to him to be too steep for the control in high speed, he will use his second or intermediate speed—a much more effective brake, as it requires so many more revolutions of the motor to each revolution of the rear wheels. And if the hill is one of those that are enthusiastically but misguidedly

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described as being straight up and down, he uses his lowest speed, which is so effective a brake that he can barely creep down the steepest pitch with safety.

His foot brake and the lever brake he uses as supplementary instead of primary in controlling the car. Often it is not necessary for him to use either of them at all, compression providing all the braking necessary for safety and comfort. When it becomes at times necessary, in negotiating an especially steep place or in going round sharp curves, to slow up the car or to bring it to a full stop, he will press the foot brake or pull the hand lever.

In using compression on the down-grades it is not necessary to turn the switch of the motor to "off." The motor running does no harm nor does shutting it off do any good.

I have mentioned the veteran's rule for the time of going into compression, namely, at the top of the hill, and not part way down. There is reason for this rule, as there is reason for all mountain-driving rules. In this case it is that when a car gains momentum down-hill it is either extremely difficult or actually impossible to put it into one of the lower speeds, for the wheels are going faster than the motor and by mechanical possibilities there can be no enmeshment of the gears. Once in a while even a veteran mountain driver, a truckman or timber or supplies hauler, will grow careless as to this rule and will neglect to put his car in the lower gear at the top of the hill, where he should, and will be not able to make the shift after it has gained speed; then he will find his car jammed up against the side of the mountain, wrecked, and himself injured, or else he will find it down in the valley thousands of feet below.

The danger of going up-hill is not so much to the occupants of the car as to the car itself. The mistake of most drivers new to mountain work is in hurrying too much. That is wrong. Hurrying ing strains the car and may work irreparable damage in the form of scored cylinders, burned-out bearings, and the like. Speed as reckoned in the mountains is not speed as reckoned on the concrete highways. You cannot average thirty miles an hour in the mountains all day long, as you do on level roads. You do very well indeed when you average fifteen, which is fast enough for safety and sights.

Forcing the car is also one of the causes of overheating, a common enough phenomenon in the mountains, where you will see cars drawn up alongside the road almost anywhere with their radiators spouting white steam, their engines cracking as if in voluble complaint at wrong treatment. This overheating is very dangerous to the life of the car; and it should never be disregarded. When your car boils, stop and let it cool off and put in cool water.

Overheating has two other main causes besides forcing. These two are mechanical troubles and overloading. Mechanical troubles often mean delays and disappointments and expense in the mountains. It is in the mountains, in fact, where troubles show themselves and stay with you most persistently. It takes a well-conditioned car to carry its occupants over mountain roads at the best, and the owner is wise who puts his car in as good shape at the start as possible; for he will then have done his part, and the rewards of his foresight will be days untroubled by a balky car and halts for repairs.

As to the overloading of your car, here is a question most carefully to be watched. Load five persons into a car, load in on top of them several hundred pounds of camp equipage, food, clothing, and the many personal things which the traveler regards as indispensable, and you have imposed a task upon the most powerful of gasoline motors that will make it rightfully strain and groan.

If you drive long enough in the moun-

A modern road winding its way through the Colorado mountains

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tains, you are going to run into rain. In the very high mountains it rains every day in the summer-time. The earth of which most mountain roads are made becomes slippery through even a little wetting. This necessitates chains. Do not leave home without them. They are a good deal more vital in the mountains than anywhere else. A skid on the pavement may have as its worst penalty the running into a low curbing or striking a passing motorist, neither of which may be fatal; but a skid in the mountains may carry the car just far enough to let it drop over the side—and then nothing but space for half a mile.

Some mountain motorists advocate four chains, one for each wheel. Two, however, are enough, on the rear. They will give you all the traction you need and the safety from skidding too. If, though, you feel better, safer, with four, use four. The two in front cannot harm.

In buying chains for mountain use buy the very heavy kind called truck chains. They wear longer, grip better.

The mountains are filled with curves, and the curves with surprises. The thrill of driving in the mountains comes partly from these curves and their attendent surprises, for you never quite know what is going to be around the corner—in scenery or other motorists. Neither does the motorist approaching that curve from the other direction. You may both be surprised if you meet unexpectedly at the point of some sharp curve, especially if both of you are going faster than is right. One or two such meetings, accompanied by a wildly working heart and a thrill much too realistic for a peaceful mind, and you will have learned this cardinal lesson of driving in the mountains: to sound your horn at every curve.

When the first travelers on wheels went over the mountains (they were the emigrants with their cumbersome outfits and the freighters with their long teams and heavily laden wagons), the roads were trails on which two could not pass except at intervals where there would be cutouts or waiting places cut from the rock. In the situations of meeting that arose out of this travel certain laws were compounded, were tried on the trails, and were adopted and made parts of the code of mountain travel in use even to this day. In the mountains now, though in most parts two or even three cars can pass, we still obey those laws of trail. To the mountain traveler they are sacred; never will he, to his knowledge, violate them.

One of those laws is that the outside of the road has the right of way. Fairness entered that law on the unpublished code, because when the way was narrow and the passing of another vehicle more dangerous than now it was justice to give something to the man who held the outside position. It was easier to crowd a vehicle aslant the shoulder of a mountain to allow another to pass than to expect him to hang one-half over the outside edge. The traveler to the mountains to-day will respect this outside position, will make way for its holder every time.

In some parts of the mountains there are still one-way roads. They are where the Government and State road projects have not yet touched; they are few indeed, yet they do exist, and in a vacation on the road you will surely run into them here and there. Along such roads you will find the waiting-places described before. There will be occasions when two cars meet on one of these single roads and neither of them be near one of the refuges. It might seem a place for an argument. As a matter of fact, however, there is no argument, for one of the rules of mountain roads holds and teaches that, with distances practically equal from a waiting-place, it is the traveler going up the grade who has the right of way and the traveler coming down who must seek and draw aside and wait the climber's passing.

The Donkeyman

A matter of faith and works

By BILL ADAMS

It's the old-time religion,
It's the old-time religion,
It's the old-time religion,
And it's good enough for me!

I HEARD a rum-looking dick singing that at the top of his voice last night. He was waving his arms and tossing his hair, and he reminded me of the donkeyman—and of my old mate. I'll tell you about them.

The ship was towing from Victoria to Vancouver City when I became acquainted with the donkeyman. He had worked the floating donkey that had discharged part of our cargo in Victoria, and was now accompanying us to Vancouver to work the donkey there. None of us had had much to do with him in Victoria. A shore-going fellow. I'd never spoken to him.

It was a lightly hazy moonlit midnight. Dark islands lay to either side. Straining to take us through the rushing tides of Plumper Pass, the towboat throbbed ahead. The man at the wheel, the mate who paced to and fro upon our poop, and I, upon lookout forward, were the only people on deck.

The donkey-engine man appeared from beneath the fo'c's'le head whereon I stood, and ascended the ladder to my side. A bright-eyed, skinny fellow, the wind tossing his black hair, whipping his white nightgown round his thin bare legs, the moon in his face, he half startled me. He looked like a prophet gone astray. He was one. No sooner was he at my side than he began to preach—the way some of the shore folk used to seek to teach us young sea apprentices! Yet there are but few people who are not interesting, if one will but study them.

Ahead twinkled the towboat's light. Grand in their faultless symmetry, clear cut against the moony sky, masts and spars, backstays and lifts and braces, towered above us. A night of deep content for haven-come sailors. A tense steel towing hawser stretched between ship and towboat—three thousand tons dead-weight at one end, the twin-screw steamer at the other. Thrusting, swirling, seething against and about us, the wild Plumper tide.

"Repent ye—though your sins be as scarlet—weeping and gnashing of teeth—fire—forgiveness—choose ye!"

Stern, eager eyes upon my face, the donkeyman exhorted.

The mate arrived upon the fo'c's'le head, and, paying no heed to the donkeyman, spoke to me. He was a quiet man—a wife and child the half the world away.

"Get to the top of the forward house," said he. "If that tow line were to part, it'd kill you. Get clear!"

Still paying no heed to the donkeyman, who, now wrapt in hallelujahs, had not noticed him, the mate descended from the fo'c's'le head and returned to

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the poop. I followed him down the ladder and went to the top of the forward house; thence to keep a safer lookout.

His nightgown whipping in the wind, his black hair breeze-tossed, the donkeyman, worked to a pitch of exaltation, stood singing on our fo'c's'le head beside the tense steel hawser:

"It's the old-time religion,
It's the old-time religion,
It's the old-time religion,
And it's good enough for me!"

YEARS passed. I was at Orotava. Across the Atlantic, at Martinique, lay the tramp steamer Roddan, the mate who'd been my chief mate long ago her chief mate now.

Fire flamed from Mont Pelée. Death, desolation, ashes, and molten stone fell from the sky.

Taking his ship's wheel, the mate who long ago had interrupted the donkeyman's sermon in Plumper Pass ordered all his crew below to shelter. Molten stone was showering upon the Roddan. With her skipper at the engine-room telegraph, my old mate steered his ship clear of the fiery harbor. Ship and crew came through unscathed.

Beaten and bruised, burned by molten stone, my old mate died. They buried him at sea.

It's the old-time religion,
It's the old-time religion,
It's the old-time religion,
And it's good enough for me!

Do You Believe in Ads?

By an AD MAN

STUPENDOUS SURPRISE EVENT!
14,000 Gov't Surplus
ARMY COTS
$5 Value
Each 39c.

WE called the police that morning at 7:35. The store was to open at eight o'clock. The first wagon-load of bluecoats took one apprehensive look at the crowd in the street and howled for reserves to help them. The fire department arrived at 8:15 to help in clearing the stairways and to pilot men and women to safety. At exactly nine o'clock the city building inspector ordered all floors cleared. It was an hour after noon when the last dust of battle had settled and we began to salvage our stock.

A race riot? A special election? Not at all. Merely five thousand thrifty Americans enjoying a bargain sale. A five-column advertisement in the newspapers of the evening before had brought them downtown early to a big department store—one that does around seven million dollars' worth of business every year. I happened to have written the ad, but I mention the fact with no pride of achievement.

The advertising was unbelievably bad. But the bargains were good. Those five thousand men and women knew for a certainty that a folding iron cot, single width, with springs, sells regularly on the retail market for at least five dollars.

They had watched two rival stores slash prices on cots for a week, and they had laughed, probably. Back in Washington you may have heard shouts of mirth break through the windows in the office of the army quartermaster. It was his cots we were selling.

Our store cut prices first, to $4.49. The rest of the dealers held to $5 or $4.98. But cots were abundant that month. The war was a long time over, and the army quartermaster was cleaning house. He released from Government warehouses a new stock, and we bought them, thousands upon thousands of cots, and so did everybody else, at about $1.29 each.

Another store cut the price to $3.98. It could afford to do that. We cut to $3.59. Our competitor slashed to $2.95. We whittled down to $2.59.

The race narrowed to two establishments after that. Our nearest neighbor advertised a special sale of army cots at $1.98. We announced identical cots at $1.49—twenty cents profit.

"That will stop 'em!" said our merchandise manager.

But it didn't.

The opposition advertised next day in type three columns wide: "Ten thousand new cots! Worth $5. Special today, 98c.!"

Below cost? Certainly. But that made no difference. It was a business of blood now, an affair of advertising honor. We must meet competition!

"Make cots 69 cents!" our manager ordered, and groaned over the money lost.

The store across the street cut to 59 cents.

So then, being of the race which can't be licked, we made our final glorious gesture. It has gone down in department-store history, that 39-cent sale of ours. It was a tragedy, a farce, a gigantic failure.

The store opened at eight o'clock. An hour earlier street-car traffic past our corners began to suffer from cramps and congestion. Plate-glass windows were broken in—our neighbors' as well as our own. Crowds howled at the doors. Officials and employees, slipping into the store by the rear, flung open the front doors and started the elevators.

The army cots were displayed on the eighth floor. Within five minutes elevator service was halted. Bargain-hunting women wedged into the cars so tightly that it was impossible to close the elevator doors. Others climbed the stairs. Eight floors is a long walk-up.

Fifty girls at counters and cash registers waited to take orders. The crowd rushed in. Tables overturned. Cash registers smashed. Floormen and house detectives battled and were defeated. The merchandise manager, with his hat on the back of his head, mopped his face and wrung his hands in the corridor.

"Go quick!" he pleaded. "Reason with them!"

Reason had no place in the plan of things that day. With the salesgirls trampled and cash registers upset, with policemen urging customers out of one door as they swarmed in another, with the fire department threatening to turn a hose on the crowd unless it dispersed for safety's sake, with a worried building inspector ordering the floors cleared, we sold very few cots. Cases were treated in the dispensary.

The next day army-cot prices in our retail district went back to $3.98.

WHY the riot? Simply because thousands of people who read the announcement of our 39-cent sale knew that good army cots really were worth five dollars. They were sure, too, of the standard quality of Government surplus articles. Of course it sounded ridiculous. An army cot for 39 cents? Impossible! But they came to see. They might not need any cots, but what difference did that make? Thirty-nine cents!

Rarely a day passes in the large cities, and in many small towns as well, with-

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out advertising just as enticing as that which precipitated our battle of the eighth floor. Only the response is different. Shoppers do not often storm the heights. Why don't they?

Because they have been fooled by ads too often. They must *know* the actual value of the merchandise before they will believe the ad. The time that I speak of, they knew the value of Government surplus cots.

Years ago a young advertising writer persuaded his store to undersell its competitors in calicoes. The retail trade had a fixed price for calicoes, based on the cost of the goods. He cut under it. There originated what in merchandising is called the "comparative value."

It is a standard institution to-day, this comparative value—so standardized as to lose its potency. Page after page of the newspapers is filled with misleading statements concerning goods for sale. Shoes worth $5 are selling for $3. Worth $5? No, madam, not really. Shoes *worth* $5 sell for $5. Shoes that sell for $3 are ordinarily worth just that. Any article in the world is worth, economically, just what its owner can get for it, and not a cent more.

"Men's $50 top-coats, $34.95!" one merchant offers. Across the page his neighbor tells of a special lot of "Women's House Dresses, Fancy Checks, $2.50 value, to-day 98c.!"

When the sales slips are counted in the dusty weary half-hour after the doors close for the day, the first merchant finds that he has sold a fair number of coats, the neighbor that his stock of house dresses is pretty well picked over. But there has been no riot. There has been no crowd at all, compared with the frantic rush for army cots. The police have not been called to handle the mob.

Why not?

Simply because too many thousand merchants, day after day, offer to the public articles which they claim to be worth $50 at a $34.95 price. Because coats actually worth $50 very, very rarely sell for less than that. If they did, day after day, as the advertisements promise, those $50 coats would soon become $34.95 coats. Advertising men know it if the public as a whole does not, and they object, most of them, to the comparative-value scheme.

I HEAR you protesting, you who read this. You ask, with quite justifiable bewilderment, "What! Never again trust the ad?"

If advertising men don't believe their own writings, you ask, how can the men and women who do America's buying? How can *we* tell a $50 top-coat from one worth only $34.95? How does a woman know that the snappy little dress that takes her eye, emphatically advertised to be "worth $65, to-morrow only $42.50!" is actually a $65 value? Or is it, ever? What does she get for her money when she buys that dress? What's wrong with it, if anything?

The truth of the matter is that most dresses selling at $42.50 are worth precisely $42.50.

It is not very often that a store which consistently advertises will over-price its goods. It cannot afford to, if it has competition. The shopper gets her money's worth. But, being human, she tries to get more than her money's worth.

She may know that Mrs. Smith, who lives around the corner, paid $65 not two weeks ago for a dress—"My dear, the perfect image of this one!" But she cannot know that the buyer in charge of the ready-to-wear department in the store she patronizes has just rushed back from the garment centers with a story to tell his assistant.

"Listen, Dave. Them tricotines with the beaded panels—that lot we bought off Lowinski and Koop—we best make a cut, Dave. I heard it straight this morning that tricotine and bead panels is pass-say already. We got only two weeks, and they will spoil on us. How many is left in stock?"

Or it may be that since the particular lot of dresses was designed the style maker has been abroad in the land. Over a single week-end the skirt may have become too long or too short or too narrow or too wide, the belt too high or too low. Fur trim may have come in or gone out. In that case the $65 dress has become, actually, a $42.50 dress, so far as merchandising goes, and the shopper gets exactly what she pays for. She may *think* she has saved money; even persuade her husband that she has. But she hasn't fooled Dave or his boss. They are shrewd men, holding their jobs because they make money for the store.

THERE is one chance, a long-shot chance, that the comparative value is comparatively true. It may be that Lowinski and Koop, "designers and fashioners of stylish and exclusive garments for the wholesale trade," have had a bad quarter-year. They may need money at once. For that reason, or some other equally as good, they may have sold cheap to the retailer. In that case the retailer usually makes a slight, and honest, reduction, under the regular market price. He does it to attract business. It is a gesture to his public. It is advertising of the subtlest kind.

How can the customer tell whether the price reduction is genuine?

There are two ways. If you are so keen a prophet of fashion that you can out-think a smart ready-to-wear man, so shrewd a judge of fabric that you can distinguish the real from the shoddy in the glaring light of a noisy sales floor, so skilled a tailor that you can tell good seams and good workmanship from bad, then you can stake your judgment. If not, you must trust your store.

That is the surest way. The store with the reputation for honesty, not for an endless slashing of price on everything from potted ham to parlor suites, the store that never disappoints you, year after year, that offers good merchandise at fair prices, that does not everlastingly ballyhoo its comparative values—in that store you can trust the price tag.

In one of the world's greatest merchandising institutions, a department store with a history of honorable dealing for fifty years, comparative values are used in the advertising twice annually, and for only one day. Those are the "clean-up" days. In practically every department goods that have been selling too slowly are reduced from ten to twenty per cent. That store refuses to let any customer take out of stock an article not perfect. When it says, "$75 overcoats, special for to-day $60," you may believe it.

CHEAP stores selling cheap merchandise try to keep excitement romping up and down their aisles by means of special sales. The public attends in large and gullible flocks. Even an unscrupulous store tells the truth sometimes. But for every genuine price-cutting sale there are a hundred other shoddy, make-believe affairs that actually cost extra money to the shopper. Prices are marked up instead of down. Inferior goods are brought in, and an unsuspecting customer who can see nothing except the price tag takes them out.

To understand this kind of sale you must understand the department store's high-pressure system. Each section in the big city store, be it food, or furniture, or millinery, or what not, has a definite sales objective in dollars and cents every day of the year. In the pocket of the buyer who runs that section there reposes a small, handy notebook to remind him in no uncertain figures just how large a volume of business he must do to-day, to-morrow, and the next day and the next, all through the year, or lose his job. Each night he must show an increase of at least ten per cent in gross receipts over

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the corresponding night of the year before.

"You must make your day!" is the way department-store men put it.

In an effort "to make their days," the cheaper establishments go in for so-called sales. I wrote advertising in one office that had a list of thirty traditional sales a year and was constantly adding to its list. It did an amazing volume of cash business. It was located in one of the largest cities in the country, and depended on a fluctuating, easily satisfied trade. Nearly every week it invited the buying public to its greatest annual sale, a stupendous offering of this and that, a mammoth selling campaign, a gigantic, a titanic, or an unexampled sale. The names of these efforts roll around again with the calendar, year after year. "Surprise Sale" is a favorite; "Challenge" a much-loved institution. "Stock Reducing," "Clean-up," "Jobber's Surplus," are old standbys, and there is something definitely intriguing, even to the man who can think of nothing he needs except shoestrings, if there is such a man, in the flaming red banners heralding a "Fire Sale!"

Usually in the case of a fire sale there has been a fire in the neighborhood. But I have seen a hundred thousand dollars' worth of *new* goods bought for a "stock reducing" sale. As a rule, in these events prices are low, or rather, they seem low. This is how it is done.

The general merchandise manager calls his department heads together.

"One month from to-day starts the Stupendous Fall Stock Reducing Campaign," he reminds them. "Maybe you better get out Monday and look over the market. See what you can pick up."

The department heads agree. This, on one occasion, is what they brought home:

Ten thousand house dresses to sell at 49 cents. They did not tell me, and so I did not advertise the fact, that they were made in a neighboring State prison.

Five thousand tubes of a Nationally known tooth paste, to sell at half marked price. We failed to mention in our advertisement that they had gone through fire and were gritty as sand.

A thousand hats with ostrich plumes. Was it the buyer's fault that plumes were not being worn?

And so on, through phonographs and shoes that squeaked, semi-soft collars that were mostly soft, and nine-by-twelve grass rugs that curled. Nothing was up to standard, but everything contributed to a low-priced, spectacular sale.

An advertising man often insists on samples of all goods, if he is sure enough of his job or doesn't care if he loses it. He can't afford to deceive his public. But, in spite of his vigilance, a crafty buyer can hoodwink the upstairs office sometimes, and in turn the public. In a store where I once worked the head of the "pure food department" walked into the office one morning with a slab of Swiss cheese.

I tasted it. It was excellent. This, I was told, he would sell Monday at a figure which I knew to be less than one-third the general retail price. It was impossible to sell good cheese that cheap. I became suspicious. I invaded the "pure food" stock-room. There were the cheeses, stacked up, dozens and dozens. I whacked one in two. It was not the same kind that I had tasted in my office. I called the department head.

"Oh, well," he protested, "Swiss cheese is Swiss cheese. What you tasted upstairs didn't happen to come from this bunch. But this is just as good. I got it cheap. Sure, it's absolutely perfect."

He saw me shake my head.

"Well, just a little soft like, maybe," he amended.

The advertisement in the Sunday papers announced "Swiss cheese, imperfect, slightly soft." But still it sold.

You like soft cheese? No? You'll never trust an ad again? I hope you will. Many stores do not deceive you. Find one that you can trust, and stick to it. There are plenty of them. It will take you only a little while to learn.

THE second way to protect yourself from being cheated is to buy Nationally advertised articles of proved merit. And buy them at the price marked on the box. Then you are positive. There are times when you may find real bargains in such merchandise. I know of soaps, Nationally famous, that have sold at cut rate in certain stores. These soaps were genuine, first-quality goods. They had been secured below the usual price from a bankrupt stock.

Often you will see well-known brands of merchandise advertised as "imperfect" or "factory seconds." When you buy stock of this kind, you do it with your eyes open. Some stores, with naïve subtlety, call them "slight seconds." They are underpriced because something is slightly wrong with them. After you examine them thoroughly and you conclude that their shortcomings will not affect their usefulness to you, you may save money in buying them. But don't carry them home with the idea that they are first grade and that you have secured an excellent bargain.

People ask of these Nationally advertised goods, "If the big manufacturer is charged a thousand dollars a page or more for advertising, don't we, the consumers, pay for those ads in the long run?"

The answer is, No, positively no.

The article that is Nationally advertised is Nationally consumed. The maker or jobber of a consistently advertised product manufactures in such huge quantities that individual production costs are minimized. Part of what he saves by quantity production he reinvests in advertising and still further cuts his costs.

The makers of a certain famous brand of breakfast food realize a profit of two and a quarter cents a package. They spend one-quarter of a cent advertising each package. The advertising results in the sale of hundreds of thousands of packages of their food each year. It would be poor economy for the housewife if this firm stopped advertising. Production would drop to such an extent that the quarter of a cent saved from not advertising would be replaced by an additional cost of three, or four, or five cents in the manufacture of small quantities.

You hear men say, "I can't afford to buy So and So's gloves [mentioning a famous make], because they spend so much on advertising." The fact is that the gloves are cheaper because of the advertising, for the advertising campaign results in a greater number of pairs of those particular gloves being made and sold.

If you must attend sales, attend them in honest stores, famed for square dealing. Avoid the business house that makes life a long procession of stupendous and sensational surprises. If you are buying socks for yourself and the children, look for the label and pay the price. If you need a new suit, buy it where you know you will not be cheated in material or style. When you ask for foodstuffs, or drug sundries, or underclothing, insist on recognized quality of National reputation. Your goods will be fresher, cleaner, purer, and will last longer or wear better.

Don't try to outguess the merchant. He knows his stock and his merchandise better than you can know them.

Don't expect charity in the marts of trade. Use common sense. Read the daily advertisements and compare them store against store. Your own business head should tell you whether or not a dealer is telling the truth. Remember that when an article sells for ten cents on the open market, that it is a ten-cent article. And remember, too, that you can believe the simple word of an honest merchant before the boast in large print of a tricky firm.

Don't hope for miracles.

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Ballads of the Bad

Colored chain gang chansons collected at Chapel Hill

By DON C. SEITZ

THE difference between the white "bad man" and the black variety is as marked as the difference in their color. The black bad man is much more given to words than deeds. The wicked white is just the reverse; he is a person of few words. The Negro likes to measure "meanness." One of the best examples in point is that of the two members of a dark regiment who were disputing in France during the World War:

"Look out, niggah. Look out what you're a-doin'. Out whar I come frum de folks calls me 'Tiger Bill.'"

"Huh!" said the other. "Out whar I come frum dey'd call you 'Sweet William.'"

This is but a prelude to mention of an interesting collection of Negro "Work-a-Day Songs," collected by Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson, of the University of North Carolina, and published by the University Press at Chapel Hill. This is the third valuable volume of Negro originals so issued by the University. It may grieve the good to note that a large share of the lyrics was gathered in construction camps and among the chain gangs. North Carolina uses Negro convicts for outdoor service on the highways. There is a good deal of this sort of work to be done, and in time of need a Negro does not have to be very bad to acquire a place in one of the "gangs." Simple laziness has often been construed as vagrancy, to be translated into diligence on the hard highway.

Thus a membership in a chain gang need not imply great culpability of any sort beyond being black. The shame of it does not seem to sink in deeply, as these songs show, even though—

. . . eyes wuz red en' his gums wus blue,
'Cause he was a nigger right through and through. . .

Here is the scenario for twenty-six verses of "Bad Man Lazarus:"

Oh, bad man Lazarus
Oh, bad man Lazarus
He broke in de commissary,
Lawd, he broke in de commissary.

The outcome of this was that the sheriff spied Po' Lazarus, "way between Bald Mountain."

Then:

They shot Po' Lazarus,
Lawd, they shot Po' Lazarus.

The chanteys vary in treating the same subject. "Lazarus" is trotted out in a great variety of ventures. So is the "Travelin' Man," whose character was certainly suspicious:

Now I jus' wanna tell you about travelin' man—
His home was in Tennessee;
He made a livin' stealin' chickens
An' anything he could see.

From this there emanates a regular Odyssey. Though the tone is generally one of abnegation, as befalls a "down-trodden" race, now and then a note of triumph sounds:

Bolin Jones wus
A man of might.
He worked all day
And he fit all night.

Here is further descriptive:

Slim Jim wus a chocolate drop
Slim Jim wus a chocolate drop
Slim Jim wus a chocolate drop
In dark town alley.

Sample of shrewdness:

I steal dat corn
From de white man's barn,
Den I slips aroun',
Tells a yarn,
An' sells it back again!

"When He Grin" has a merry note:

His head wus big an' nappy,
An' ashy wus his skin,
But good God-a'-mighty, man,
You forget it when he grin.

His nose wus long an' p'inted,
His eyes wus full o' sin;
But good God-a'-mighty, man,
You forget it when he grin.

The chain gang songs are minor-keyed and melancholy. For example:

De rabbits in de briar patch,
De squirrel in de tree,
Would love to go a huntin'
But I ain't free.

Dig in de road band,
Dig in de ditch,
Chain gang got me,
An' de boss got de switch.

Perfectly proper query is this:

What's a fellah gonnah do
When ol' Black Mariah
Come a-sailin' after you?

Some there will be to consider this a truthful statement:

If I can git to Georgia line,
If I can git to Georgia line,
Lawd, if I can git to Georgia line,
Georgia, murderer's home!

Contented with his lot, another sings:

Cawn pone, fat meat
All I gits to eat—
Better'n I has at home,
Better'n I has at home.

On the other hand, a construction-camp follower avers:

I don't want no corn bread, black molasses,
Supper time, O my Lawd, supper time.
Don't you give me corn bread, black molasses,
Supper time, O Lawd, my supper time.

Cracking stone by hand evokes this plaint:

This ol' hammer, hammer,
Mus' be loaded;
This ol' hammer, hammer,
Mus' be loaded.
Do bear down,
Do bear down!

The economic side of colored life rings out in this madrigal:

Niggers plant de cotton,
Niggers pick it out,
White man pockets money,
Nigger does without.

The "hands" part is succinctly described thus:

Plenty to eat,
Place to sleep,
All night to stray about;
But nothin' fer a feller,
Lawd, nothin' fer
A feller to keep.

Now and then there are lines on the female lot:

Missus in de big house,
Mammy in de yard,
Missus holdin' her white hands,
Mammy workin' hard.

The African desire for fine funerals is voiced in this quatrain:

Dig-a my grave wid a silver spade,
Let me down wid a golden chain,
Oh, who's gonna dig-a my grave?
Let me down wid a golden chain!

The careful compilers have gathered together over 250 examples of Negro chants, many of them doggerel and repetitions, but carrying through all a rude minstrelsy that shows a keen consciousness of what is going on and the black man's part in it, whether he be "good" or "bad."

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

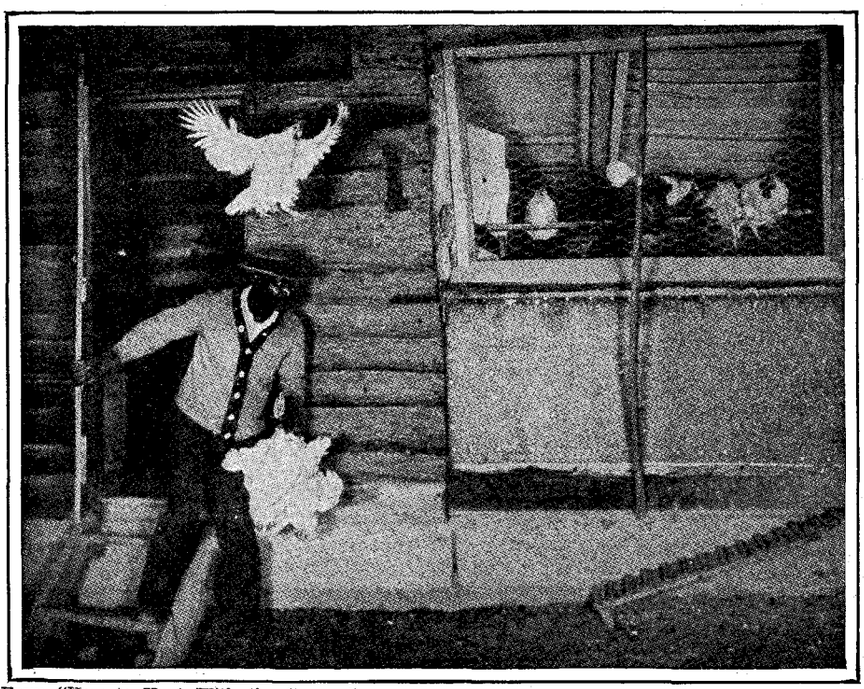
How to Hunt With the Camera

THE title of this book[1] suggests photographs of wild animals, and the frontispiece, a fine portrait of a Rocky Mountain goat, carries on the suggestion. As a matter of fact, it is a general and popular work on photography, made attractive by its great variety of illustrations—beautiful, odd, or amusing. The photographic hunters whose work is reproduced have, like Martin Johnson, hunted wild animals in Africa; like Dr. Ditmars, they have pictured serpents nearer home; like Mr. Baynes, they have snapped the mild chickadee; and like Mr. Chapman, they have performed tricks with cameras and unconscious birds. Woodchucks have sat up and looked pretty; 'possums have played their famous game; squirrels and bears have taken their own beautiful selves by flash-light; deer have posed on the banks of lily ponds; and grasshoppers, by coming close to the lens, have looked as fierce and as much like President Hindenburg as possible.

Weasels are taken eating cheese sandwiches, and hippos having a shower bath. Zebras come down to the water-hole to drink; garter snakes twist themselves into the letter S, and cheetahs obligingly turn their heads over their shoulders to look into the camera, in exactly the manner which the modern photographer loves to prescribe in order to make his sitter feel nice and awkward. And all these kind and thoughtful acts are performed in order to make a fine book and give amusement to the reader, or even to the person who merely looks at the pictures.

But that's not the half of it. There are examples of landscape photography and of portraiture; of pictures of lightning flashes; and of quiet scenes in a snow-covered landscape by moonlight. There is an impressive picture of the solar eclipse of 1925 as it looked in New York, and a number of photographic jests, like the one reproduced here. The text includes chapters on these subjects, and also on the most successful practitioners of nature photography, with technical chapters on cameras and lenses.

[1] How to Hunt With the Camera. By William Nesbit. With many Illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $10.



From "How to Hunt With the Camera"

Evidence Difficult to Combat in Court

Fiction

FLIGHT. By Walter White. A. A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

Several race-question novels have lately appeared. Mr. White's story is less emotional than the others, although it does give a nerve-worrying account of the race riots in Atlanta. Mimi is the daughter of a New Orleans Creole who has in his veins the blood of a San Domingo Negro who was a leader in the introduction of sugar-making in America. He marries for second wife the mulatto daughter of a prosperous colored man, moves to Atlanta, and there first feels the pinch of race contempt. The book is particularly graphic in showing the social jealousies and prejudices between different groups of colored people. Mimi's flight is to the North, away from her own people, but she returns, convinced that her place is with them.

DELIGHT. By Mazo de la Roche. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

According to fiction, there must be more maids of superlative beauty among English waitresses than are to be found in any other class of society. Such a waitress is Delight Mainprize. She has all the necessary requirements of a raving beauty, including "lips as pink as a pigeon's feet." The course of beauty, like that of true love, is never smooth, and this paragon has thrilling adventures while serving at rival inns in Brancepeth, Canada.

After much male pursuit, evil and otherwise, Delight regains the arms of her erstwhile lost true love. The scene of their reunion is the shore of a lonely lake to which the girl has been lured and is being ducked by a crowd of jealous women. Meanwhile the men of the town on the other shore quarrel as to who shall save and marry her. Delight is saved from probable drowning by the arrival of her "Jimmie," who leads her away, while the sheriff waves his handcuffs at the female mob. There are several amusing descriptions of village scenes, and of the characters of the guests and inmates of the Duke of York Inn.

PRODIGALS OF MONTE CARLO. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

This novel has all the artificiality of the charming little country where the scenes are laid. All the manly virtues are rolled into one Sir Hargrave Wendever. Noble, rich, and handsome, epigrams roll from his tongue as fluently as *mille-franc* notes roll into his pocket from the gaming tables. As part of an experiment, this millionaire sportsman takes two strange impoverished young people from London to his villa at Monte Carlo for a two months' holiday, *tout compris*. More or less involved with a Russian princess, and carrying the knowledge of a tragic secret, Wendever falls slowly but surely in love with Violet, his beautiful young protegée. There follow all the complications possible in a middle-aged bachelor's life. Adventures for everybody! Several times murder is almost done. But with a final eye to the movies, the author brings villainy to account, and virtue gets its due.

Art

WHY WE LOOK AT PICTURES. By Carl H. P. Thurston. Dodd Mead & Co., New York. $4.

The author does not answer this astounding question, but he does give a very comprehensive discussion of taste in art. It is his theory that before a person can appreciate a picture he must know at least as much of how pictures are painted as the average football or fight fan knows about those two sports. It sounds reasonable, but in supplying the information he has made a book that many readers will find indigestible, that can only be taken in small

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doses and with frequent reference to the pictures at the back.

This is not the author's fault. Æsthetics is an imposing word and a difficult science; it is not possible to explain it in words of one syllable. However, when Mr. Thurston descends from discussing principles to comments on particular pictures and artists his remarks are intelligent, well worded, and frequently witty. He is a kindly critic for the most part, and a conservative one. The book is a godsend for those looking for a stone wherewith to smite the Society of Independents, dadaists, etc., and for those less belligerent who know what they like, but don't know exactly why.

Biography

FORTY IMMORTALS. By Benjamin de Casseres. Joseph Lawren, New York. $3.50.

This is no book to be read in the quiet of the study. Printed in the blackest of twelve-point Bodoni, it deserves nothing less than to be howled from the roof-tops of Greenwich Village. If you are accustomed to the Shakespeare of Rolfe and Furness, read this and shriek: "The pink-tea zanies of culture, the scholastic nizzies, the milk-sops of morality, the winged cows of taste, the religious dunderpates, the pretty-fellows of literature, the professional jobbernowls—how do they 'explain' you, 'Will'-of-the-World, cosmic toss-pot, Pierrot-Parabrahma?"

"One cannot dream over his pages," says Mr. de Casseres of Leconte de Lisle, and it is no less true of the author's own. Occasionally his explosive method justifies itself, as in the essay on "Baudelaire: Ironic Dante," but in the main the essays are absurd but exciting, resembling some unholy mixture of nitro-glycerine and adrenalin, or eisel and crocodile.

THE BEST LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Selected and Edited by J. G. Roulhac Hamilton. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

The sesquicentennial of the Declaration of Independence and the centennial anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's death have brought out a considerable volume of literature concerning that patriot and statesman. Professor Hamilton edits from the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, and graciously dedicates the book to Edwin A. Alderman, head of the University of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson's pet, as it has long been known. The letters are all familiar and perhaps warrant the term "best," though by no means enveloping the cream of Jefferson's wisdom.

Essays and Criticism

AS I LIKE IT. By William Lyon Phelps. Third Series. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

So many books to read, so many plays to see, so many places to visit, so many people to know! The wonder is that Professor Phelps pursues his imperturbable way, showing no traces of the restless behavior supposed to have been exhibited by the classic cat immured in a room tapestried with catnip. (That comparison should appeal to Professor Phelps, who has already declared his devotion to the beasts in somewhat startling terms in the Second Series of "As I Like It.") It is the fashion in some quarters to sniff at these books. Those superior persons are missing some genuine and diversified enjoyment. All the changes we ask of Professor Phelps is that he abolish the Asolo Club, while continuing the Ignoble Prize awards by all means; weed out a few of his twittering correspondents; and indulge less frequently in puns.

FROM GOETHE TO HAUPTMANN: Studies in a Changing Culture. By Camillo von Klenze. The Viking Press, New York. $2.50.

It happens not infrequently that a title may give a book more apparent unity than its actual contents justify. That is not altogether the case with Dr. von Klenze's interesting collection of studies, which are far from being mutually repellent particles. The familiar cycle of "romanticism to realism to naturalism" is another binding element. There is nevertheless a definitely felt lack of complete continuity in the book as a whole.

Romanticism leads off with a chapter on "A Renaissance Vision: Goethe's Italy," which is also a summary of practically everybody's pronouncements on Italy, and is continued by "A Romantic View of Art: German Predecessors of Ruskin." Fiction, as practiced by Keller and Meyer, next presents realism and neo-romanticism; Kleist, Hebbel, Grillparzer, and other dramatists illustrate naturalism. The terminal essay compares Hauptmann and his treatment of the "noble proletarian" with Tolstoy and Zola. There are a formidable bibliography and an index.

History and Politics

ITALY UNDER MUSSOLINI. By William Bolitho. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

You can have it about Fascist Italy any way you want it, just as you can have it about Soviet Russia. All depends on who tells the tale. Mr. Bolitho, who now publishes in book form the articles printed in the New York "World" last December, finds the Fascist régime an intolerable tyranny. There is no freedom, every tenth man and woman is a spy, every known opponent of the régime is in constant danger, wages are low, the cost of living is relatively high, and taxes are levied and decrees promulgated in the sole interest of the possessing classes. "Italy is efficiently quiet," he admits, but the statement is evidently intended to mean much the same thing as the famous despatch that "order reigns in Warsaw."

The future is uncertain. Mussolini is at the peak of his power and can make no further inroads upon the kingly prerogative unless by a successful war. Evidently the author believes that war is inevitable and that the only possible nation for Italy to war against is Turkey. Presumably an unsuccessful war would finish the dictator, while the consequences of a successful one are difficult to predict. To most readers it is likely that the picture presented will seem grotesquely overdrawn. Fascism is the negation of every political and social principle accepted in America; but one may reject it *in toto* and still decline to believe in the accuracy of Mr. Bolitho's description. There are volumes of contrary testimony by observers from democratic countries, and there are also the inherent defects of the account itself. It is pitched on too extravagant a note.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN: Custer's Last Fight. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Graham. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

Colonel Graham has written a careful, dispassionate account of a famous battle about which violent controversy has been waged for nearly fifty years. He has kept a fairly straight course between the partisans and the enemies of Custer, and he has told the story in a striking and vivid way. In the main the book is accurate, though the foreword by General Charles King contains several careless misstatements. Lack of information regarding the numbers and equipment of the hostiles is given as the chief cause of the disaster, and with that judgment most informed opinion agrees. As to the secondary cause ascribed—the division of the regiment—there can be no such agreement. This plan had proved brilliantly effective in the Battle of the Washita, November 27, 1868. But against from 3,000 to 4,000 hostiles, most of them armed with Winchester repeating rifles, the single-shot carbines of the 600 troopers could hardly have been effective, even had the regiment charged as a body. The book is "complete," not in the sense implied in the jacket blurb—for much interesting de-

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tail is omitted—but in the sense that it is a fully rounded account of the battle, written in the light of all the vast amount of material that has accumulated. It is, moreover, beautifully printed and illustrated.

THE FUGGER NEWS-LETTERS, 1568–1605. Second Series. Edited by Victor von Klarwill. Translated by L. S. R. Byrne, Late Modern Language Master at Eton College. With 46 Illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Among the richest treasures of the Vienna State Library are the collection of Philip Edward Fugger, Count of the Holy Roman Empire and citizen of Augsburg, who died in 1618, and the even more valuable Fugger News-Letters, which are contemporary reports of political and commercial events between 1568 and 1605 sent to him by the Count's agents from Europe.

For generations the Fugger family were merchant princes who were also financiers, money-lenders to popes and kings, exploiters of mines and manufactories. Consequently they were as vitally interested in the turn of the political wheel as any international banker of to-day. This selection comprises only items especially referring to Queen Elizabeth and matters relating to England, a small fraction of the entire mass which yet fills 350 pages. Few of the reports in this series emanate from London, a great many from Antwerp, Cologne, Prague, Middelburg, Venice, Rome, and even Constantinople. The general impression is of unceasing warfare and of bitter commercial competition, in which Elizabeth appears as the sturdy protagonist of British trade expansion. Her statecraft and dominance of English policy are tacitly implied by these correspondents, whose sincerity is the more to be believed because they are frequently hostile witnesses.

Whaling

PURSUING THE WHALE: A QUARTER-CENTURY OF WHALING IN THE ARCTIC. By John A. Cook. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

When Melville wrote his epic of Moby Dick, New Bedford, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Provincetown, Sag Harbor, were sending whaling fleets into the seven seas and the United States was the greatest maritime nation. The first chop of deep-sea sailors were the Yankee whale men, who thought nothing of three-year cruises in the uncharted Pacific, venturing even into the Arctic Circle. The fifties saw a decline, or rather, a deflection of the pioneer spirit which propelled commercial enterprise and missionaries into the Orient and opened up Japan to Western civilization. Young men discovered a continent at home—gold in California, rich farm lands in the West. The Civil War dealt the *coup de grâce* to our commercial supremacy, but the price of oil and whalebone for a generation to come made whaling a profitable venture.

When Captain John Cook, a Cape man of Provincetown, descendant of a long line of seafarers, embarked on his first cruise, the surrender at Appomattox was three years past. From this youthful début (he was eleven) until 1916 he was almost continuously at sea. Written in the simple, direct manner of one whose life has been a constant struggle with the elements, this book records the ways of the last of the whalers, but chiefly of those who sought bowheads in the frigid waters of Bering Sea, Point Barrow, and the Mackenzie River region. Once, off the West African coast, out of a sperm whale he took a hundred and fifty pounds of ambergris—a rich haul. The great interest of the narrative is in the way in which men deprived of most of the tools of civilization are able to cope with the implacable forces of nature. Kipling did not tell the whole story of life north of 53°. At Herschel Island, in the Arctic, where the whaling fleet wintered, there were natural deaths, a child was born, the crews and officers played baseball. They gave theatrical perform-

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ances. With the thermometer at 26° below, the captains' wives coasted for sport, gave Leap Year and New Year parties. Major surgical operations were performed by ship captains. But the hazards were not all of nature, for there were mutineers to put in irons, deserters escaped in foreign ports to apprehend by strong-arm methods. Without making any pretension to literary merit, this book will yet prove interesting reading to those who love the sea and ships.

Travel

A STUDENT IN SICILY. By Mrs. Nevill Jackson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $4.

Mrs. Jackson writes in rather scattered order, but with great enthusiasm, an account of observations and antiquities in the favored island of Sicily, containing as it does Mount Etna and Taormina, the most beautiful place in the world. The favored island has had the best that all but modern civilization could give it, and remains a storehouse of ancient art.

ON THE MANDARIN ROAD. By Roland Dorgelès. The Century Company, New York. $3.

Roland Dorgelès is more interested in the living present of the peoples of Indo-China than in their thousand-year-old past. Intoxicated by the splendor of the twelfth-century Brahmanic temple at Angkor Wat or the faded beauty of cities such as Hué, his interest is keener in the active dazzling city of Cholon or in the lives of some primitive race like the Mnongs, who pray to their gods for protection from sickness and work.

The book is written in a speculative vein of philosophical humor, and from a viewpoint typically French. A village where the inhabitants are "washing rice, clothes, buffaloes, everything that is washable in the community pond;" the curious ceremony at the start of an elephant hunt; the antics of a native first-night movie audience at Ban Methuot—these things are in amusing contrast to the pitiful spectacle of the leper colony at Kienluang, the lonely home of some pioneer colonial rubber planter, and the wistful pictures of little painted girls singing for piasters. Equally fascinating are the author's descriptions and anecdotes of this little-known country, where the era of the steam-engine is fast superseding that of the palanquin.

HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS. By Chesla C. Sherlock. Vol. I. The Meredith Publications, Des Moines, Iowa.

A firm believer in the influence of environment on our lives, Mr. Sherlock has been confirmed in his opinion by his visits to the homes of great men. The houses in which they lived accurately expressed their characters. Certainly such dignified, four-square houses as Elmwood and Craigie House do no injustice to the memory of Lowell and Longfellow; Monticello was Jefferson's own creation; and no one should be surprised to learn that of the six or seven people claiming title to Benedict Arnold's somewhat rococo Philadelphia mansion, Mount Pleasant, every one has come to an untimely end. Other equally revealing erections are General Grant's Hardscrabble, and Beauvoir, the home of Jefferson Davis.

Evidently not all the good-looking books are manufactured east of the Hudson. The binding of this book is a trifle unfortunate, but the interior is most attractive. The text does well what it sets out to do, none the worse for an unobtrusive strain of didacticism.

Philosophy

THE MEANING OF PSYCHOLOGY. By C. K. Ogden, Magdalene College, Cambridge, Editor of "Psyche." Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

Ten years have passed since the reviewer dropped his "Angell and Lickley." Since then waves of Trotter, Coué, Freud, Ber-

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man, and Watson have washed over his head, and he has read most of Havelock Ellis. And so when a book comes his way purporting to establish the nucleus of accredited opinion from which the growing science of psychology is tending to develop it is his natural procedure to look up his friends, old and new, in Professor Ogden's excellent index. They are all there! And those quite new to him, such as chronaxies, cyclothymes, and maternal love in hens ("a capon suitably irritated with pepper can be turned into a most devoted foster-mother"), prove to be recent additions to the family. Then the reviewer relegated to his subconscious all he had been taught of psychology, read Professor Ogden's book through, and found it a singularly lucid, comprehensive, and except for an occasional tilt at the Behaviourists and one quite inexplicable and obscure gibe at America ("New World Vistas," p. 217, 218) an eminently fair-minded piece of work.

Science

ICE AGES RECENT AND ANCIENT. By A. P. Coleman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

While the memory of the recent chilly spring is fresh in mind Professor Coleman's readers will offer only a half-hearted resistance, if any, to his statement that the earth is only now recovering from the effects of the Pleistocene Ice Age, if indeed we are not living in an interglacial period. During most of its history the earth, as shown by fossils, has been free from ice sheets even in Arctic regions. Since in these unhappy days there are now about six million square miles ice-covered, it is evident that we have only half emerged from the Pleistocene glaciation, he points out. Yet ice ages, however far-reaching in effect, in geological history have been the exception, and not the rule. "It may be that the races of civilized men are merely evanescent phenomena bound up with the bracing climates of a brief ice age, to sink, after a few more thousand years, into a state of tropical sloth and barbarism when the world shall have fallen back into its usual relaxing warmth and moisture, the East African conditions which have been so customary in the past." These necessarily brief extracts will show that the book is entertaining. More important than that, it is a valuable blend of original research and eclecticism.

Contributors' Gallery

If a few weeks go by without a contribution from Bill Adams, there are always letters of complaint. In this issue he speaks again of religion and the sea.

The Ad Man, who is the author of the article announced on the cover of this issue, declines to let us use his name. We know who he is and that he speaks from wide experience.

Mr. Charles B. Roth is a Colorado newspaper man who has driven over one hundred thousand miles of mountain road without an accident. He knows what safety first in the mountains means.

The daily press is represented in this issue by the work of still another man, Mr. Remsen Crawford. He writes most frequently on immigration. This time he puts a little farther to sea and tells of the men in command of the Coast Guard both on the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning . . . and it is sound reasoning, too . . . the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one . . . for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

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Nationalism and American Music

By CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

FOR some years now in this country we have had considerable talk on the matter of nationalism in music. We have advised our American composers to abandon European standards and to formulate and express themselves through an unmistakably National idiom. The result has been a rather self-conscious, premeditated striving on the part of the American composer to achieve a semblance of originality through the dubious procedure of utilizing certain salient effects peculiar to American ragtime and jazz, and of frankly and avowedly rearranging (for that is really what it amounts to) the popular tunes of to-day or of an earlier day. This sort of thing has given us Henry Gilbert's "Dance in Place Congo," Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody," and innumerable other compositions which have sought to approximate the theoretical notion of what American music, to be really and truly American, should be.

To the present writer it has always seemed that there is a great deal of very loose, very superficial, and half-baked opinion airing itself on this subject. People go about saying: "There is no American art. Our artists do not express a National spirit." And so on and so on.

Years ago a young journalist in this city wrote an article in which he proclaimed the necessity of recognizing ragtime as the one living, fertilizing musical element in America. He went so far as to predict that the "great" American opera or symphony would be written in ragtime. There is hardly a season goes by but that some one delivers himself of the facile doctrine that an art to be a living, vital art must give obvious and indubitable indication of a national origin.

It might as well be said immediately that up to a certain point our friends who demand that the American composer shall represent a distinct and unmistakable National physiognomy are on the right track. The trouble is they do not go far enough; they merely scratch the surface of an immeasurably profound subject. No doubt it is highly desirable that we should be able to say: "Look here—this is our art. This is an expression of the American spirit." But before we proceed to impose further obligations upon the American composer, and before we countenance any more of this careless talk about nationalism and American music, let us get a few things straightened out in our minds. At present, frankly, we are exhibiting a rather suburban, provincial, and highly unprofessional ignorance of certain of the salient and demonstrable facts of the history of music.

In a nutshell, let us present three distinct questions: Is art under an obligation to express nationalism? Does the great music of the past contain and convey unmistakable indication of its particular nationality? By what means does the artist attain to the expression of a national spirit in his art?

An answer to the first of these three questions goes to the root of the entire matter. The fundamental mistake made by the champions of the idea of nationalism in music (in all art, for that matter) is the mistake of forgetting or of failing to realize that art is the expression of an individual, not of a mass. Art, so some of us think, is a sublimated record of the human spirit. We prize the artist in proportion as he brings a new and startlingly enrapturing beauty into the world. Hearing Chopin, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Grieg, Ravel, one does not think of France, Russia, Poland, Germany, Norway; one thinks of that miraculous, mystical thing called Genius, a thing we cannot prescribe, handle, or explain, but that we know exists; a thing that hints to us consolingly and inspiritingly of a beyond. Great music is the God-given utterance of the unique genius, whether this genius be the Stephen Foster of "Swanee River" or the Richard Wagner of "Tristan and Isolde." An artist does not register his nationality as a traveling salesman registers his city; his nationality may be completely obliterated by his personality, and it is upon the matter of his personality that he stands or falls.

In looking over the history of music, one notes the significant fact that there is hardly a trace of national character to be found in that kind of music that is by consensus of the best opinion accepted as great music. It would be difficult to name a single instance where a composition that is built out of national material has attained a pre-eminent distinction. This statement may seem excessive at first blush, but think it over before disputing it. Take any composer you please, and go over in your mind his salient accomplishments. Ask yourself by what work is he best known; what work has brought him his fame and prestige. In other words, take any one of the world's great pieces of music, and ask yourself whether, as sheer sound, it is indicative of any national origin whatsoever. Suppose you did not know that Beethoven and Wagner were Germans, that Tchaikovsky was a Russian, that Chopin was a Pole, and then suppose you were challenged to detect their respective nationalities from the Fifth Symphony in the case of Beethoven, the "Tristan Prelude" in the case of Wagner, the "Adagio Lamentoso" in the case of Tchaikovsky, the great "C Minor Étude" in the case of Chopin. Do you think you could do this? Try listening to unfamiliar music, with the object of identifying its nationality. You will probably find that whatever clue you light upon will be given you by the presence of an idiom that is personal and peculiar to the composer. Thus, if you detect (as you very probably may) Scriabin, Ravel, Debussy, Stravinsky, it will be because you hear in the music some pronounced, distinct, individual characteristic. In other words, the hint that sets you on the right track will come from a highly personal and original mode of expression with which the matter of nationalism has nothing whatsoever to do.

This does not mean for one moment that there are not instances after instances in music of the charming and adroit use of what one might term vernacular. It means that in proportion as music tends toward elemental and universal utterance it assumes an abstract character, in which a national idiom would be as out of place as slang in a church service. One may prefer a purely local creation such as "Die Meistersinger," for example, to the abstract sublimities of "Parsifal," but one can hardly question which of the two is the greater work of art. Your advocate of nationalism in art will point out to you passage after passage in the works of the great composers where they have frankly utilized what one may call folk-music. Very well. But note how relatively small a part this folk-music plays. It is only your lesser composer who speaks exclusively in a musical dialect.

How, then, does nationalism legitimately and effectively express itself in music? Through the point of view back of the music; a point of view which may be the subconscious accumulations of generations of national inheritance. You cannot teach a man to express nationality in his art, as you can teach him to

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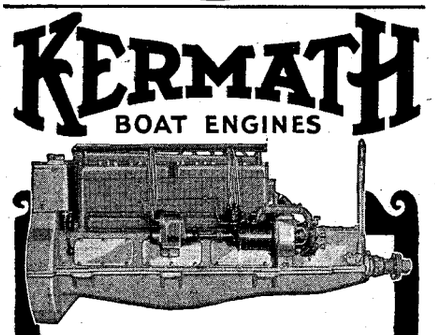
behave at a dinner table, nor can he achieve a national expression through the naïve expedient of merely dragging a popular tune into the *finale* of his symphony. It is not the material a man uses that makes his nationality apparent; it is the way he uses it. Chabrier, Ravel, and Debussy have all three written Spanish rhapsodies, based on melodic and harmonic material alien to their nationality, and yet their music remains essentially and unmistakably French. We are told that Debussy obtained his inspiration largely from Javanese music; it is through the magical transformations to which he subjected this music that his peculiar evanescent beauty manifests itself. In sum, the whole matter comes down to the question of the individual, his ingrained philosophy, his way of seeing and feeling. It is this that gives us Stravinsky, it was this that gave us the "Pathetic Symphony," it was this that gave us "Tristan and Isolde." Possibly no one but a German could have conceived "Tristan" and "The Ring" as Wagner conceived them; possibly no one but a Russian could have conceived "Sacre du Printemps" or the "Pathetic Symphony" as Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky, respectively, conceived them; possibly no one but a Frenchman could have conceived "La Mer" or "La Valse" as Debussy and Ravel, respectively, conceived them. It is in this that the true significance of nationalism in music transpires. But it is a thing that must come of itself; you cannot create it through organization and forced draught, or through merely willing it. Its essential essence resides in a state of mind, a spiritual bent, an innate cultural background.

Now, mind you, this article is written by a person who can enjoy jazz upon occasions as much as he enjoys the greatest music the world has ever known; a person who believes that a genuine cultivation reveals itself in its ability to appraise and to appreciate, each for their particular degree of individual intrinsic worth, things widely, even totally dissimilar. The academician who disparages the popular music of this or any other day should be viewed with suspicion. The question is not whether jazz is a valid national expression, or whether it is intrinsically good; the question is that our present preoccupation with it and insistence upon its availability as a basis for a great National music runs counter not only to the records of the entire history of music, but to the very nature of music itself. To demand that the great American opera or symphony be written exclusively in jazz is the equivalent of demanding that the great American poem or novel or play be written exclusively in slang. If Germany had demanded that Richard Wagner express exclusively a national spirit, we should have had no "Tristan," a work so obviously cosmopolitan that you may find passage after passage in it that might have been written by a Frenchman or an Italian. We are failing to appreciate the fact that a composer may present us with a salient musical idiom which we assume is the equivalent of a national expression, whereas, in reality, it is a sheerly personal expression. The quality of Ravel's imagination, of Debussy's imagination, may be (very possibly is) of a nature peculiarly and inalienably racial. Thus we perceive that the point of view back of their work is essentially distinguished by *finesse*, a something almost of insouciance, a deft, debonair expertness. But in so far as their music as sheer sound goes, its exquisite texture is wrought out of an original blending of harmonic and melodic material, plus a felicitous instrumental facility that is no more peculiarly and inalienably racial than is the multiplication table or the alphabet.

The sum and substance of the entire matter would seem to be something as follows: In so far as anything may be demonstrated in so vague and intangible a matter as art, it would appear that no great artistic utterance has ever been given to the world through the medium of a vernacular. Apparently, there is something inherently inferior in idiom as a means of artistic expression. This does not mean that a Chopin mazurka, for example, obviously based upon a national idiom, is not an exquisite and valid work of art; it means merely that the Chopin mazurka is not as great a work of art as, let us say, the Fifth Symphony, the Brahms E Minor Symphony, the "Walküre," or "Götterdämmerung." Nothing could be more absurd and short-sighted than our facile notion that the American composer must base his art exclusively upon our popular music. If Mr. Gershwin or some one else will give us a rousing equivalent to, let us say, Stravinsky's "Petrouschka" through the procedure of a clever manipulation of popular tunes, no one will chortle over the achievement more than this writer. But to prescribe that the American composer occupy himself exclusively with a crude and illiterate slanginess of musical utterance is disaster-breeding nonsense. More than that, it runs counter to the entire history of music. Even though we were to determine that jazz was our legitimate musical expression, and even though we



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were to mark it out as our equivalent to the folk-music of, say, Germany, Ireland, or Russia, we should still be confronted by the fact that our popular notion of the predominance of this folk element in music is demonstrably erroneous. There are a million phases of human emotion that could no more be expressed through the medium of ragtime and jazz than a frank, energetic objective point of view could be expressed through the innately vague medium of the whole tone scale. One may confidently predict that the great American composer of the future, if one is vouchsafed us, will not dissipate his strength in futile preoccupations with automatically restricting and stultifying ruts of expression, but will strive merely to develop that kind of precious synthesis which combines an individual utilization of the best that the past has to give us, together with the superadded flavor of the unique and inspired personality.

Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

Phonograph Records

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Scherzo, Nocturne (Mendelssohn). Played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. In two parts, on one record. Brunswick.

Very few people, proportionally, out of the great mass of those who really enjoy good music, were privileged to hear Toscanini conduct in New York last winter. Those who did hear him were almost unanimous in their praise and admiration. He is the sort of person whose mastery of his art is so complete and so convincing that even after a half-dozen leading critics have spoken of him as "the greatest living conductor" you cannot help but believe when you have heard him that your appreciation of his genius comes under the classification of a personal "find."

When we heard the "Scherzo" and "Nocturne" interpreted by Toscanini last winter, we felt that every phrase was perfection, both in technique and in treatment. The recordings of these two selections give us the same feeling—even the same emotional response of being in the presence of a great performance. The "Scherzo" displays Toscanini as a drillmaster. The crisp delicacy, the exactness of the phrasing, the breathless motion, are gained by technical precision. But both faces of the record show his vital interpretations and his complete freedom from exaggeration or striving for effects. The pieces themselves are charming light music, though chiefly charming in their performance. The "Nocturne" was partly spoiled in the particular record we heard because of its being slightly off center, causing the long-held notes to waver in pitch—almost imperceptibly, but fairly noticeable on the last chord.

NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN; SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT (Arranged by Lawrence Brown). Sung by Paul Robeson, accompanied by Lawrence Brown. Victor.

Just as perfect in his own department of music as Toscanini is in his, Paul Robeson has again recorded two Negro songs that are musical treats. The two spirituals he sings are highly familiar. Yet his slow, earnest singing of them and his resonant voice, with its subtle changes in *timbre,* make them as fresh as if they were heard for the first time. Lawrence Brown's accompaniments are interesting and appropriate.

HOPAK (Moussorgsky-Rachmaninoff); **WANDERING** (Schubert-Liszt). Played by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Victor.

Moussorgsky's "Hopak" is a whirlwind of motion, with strong spasmodic cadences; "Wandering" abounds in marked, but more regular, rhythms. Both make excellent show pieces for pianoforte technique, while at the same time being not in the least fatuous. Rachmaninoff's playing is crisp and deft, though perhaps a little soulless, and the recording is as good of the piano as any we know.

SYLVIA BALLET—Intermezzo and Valse Lente; Pizzicati (Delibes). Played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. Victor.

Both in performance and in reproduction this record comes up to par. The recording is clear, well-balanced, entirely without distortion. The San Franciscans show themselves to be a thoroughly seasoned organization, capable of great finesse. At times their tone—the plucked strings in the "Pizzicati" and the solo flute—is unusually pleasing. The music, though delightful, is almost too light to be unsupported by ballet.

MASS OF THE ANGELS—Kyrie; Sanctus and Benedictus (attributed to St. Dunstan). Sung by Eucharistic Congress Children's Choir. Brunswick.

O SALUTARIS (Singenberger); **JESU DULCIS MEMORIA** (Kothe). Sung by St. Mary of the Lake Seminary Choir, conducted by Otto A. Singenberger. Brunswick.

JUBILATE DEO (Singenberger); **OREMUS PRO PONTIFICE NOSTRO PIO** (Singenberger). Sung by St. Mary of the Lake Seminary Choir, conducted by Otto A. Singenberger. Brunswick.

As music, pure and simple, these records do not merit reviews. Their interest is primarily historical, for they are recordings made at the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago last June. The Children's Choir record is a performance by 30,000 voices. Its musical tone is unpleasant, it combines a strident tone with a roaring undercurrent of sound. But its reality is impressive. And therefore the sounds of distant human voices and of a railroad train add to its effectiveness. The two other records, of male voices, are indifferent both as to material and performance.

AT EVENING (Friml-Kramer); **LETTER OF LOVE** (Cui-Elman). Played by Mischa Elman. Victor.

Both pensive little pieces, with some nice melody—especially in the "Letter of Love." There are no frills, Elman relying chiefly on his warm tone. It is not a record to turn to again and again.

RUSSIAN GYPSY ROMANCE (Jonescu); **MY THOUGHTS** (Alexandri). Played by Gica Jonescu, accompanied by Constantine Jonescu Brunswick.

The Gypsy tune is an alluring one, played with the same *abandon* with which the Gypsy music was sung in the Chauve Souris. The languorous style of the performance (by the leader of the royal orchestra of Queen Marie of Roumania) is haunting, even if overdone. "My Thoughts" is in the same category with a popular song about which we heard some one remark that it was "the kind of song which composers can write six for a nickel."

SYLVIA (Speakes-Gaines); **AUTUMN SEA** (Baker-Gericke). Sung by the Associated Glee Clubs of America. Victor.

Two more selections which were recorded at the New York City concert last winter. There is plenty of barber-shop harmony, and work for the first tenors. It is satisfactory light glee club music, but falls short of the Associated Glee Clubs' "John Peel" or "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Piano Rolls

WIDMUNG (Schumann-Liszt). Played by Frank Sheridan. Ampico.

Liszt's transcription retains the spirit of Schumann's eloquent song, and Frank Sheridan translates it exquisitely into living music. There is no obtrusion on the part of the performers. He subdues himelf perfectly to the composition.

LE MAL DU PAYS—from "Years of Pilgrimage" (Liszt). Played by Maria Carreras. Duo-Art.

From Liszt we should be led to expect something elaborate. This is not at all. Its lack of pianistic interest exposes at times its bareness in other respects. Mme. Carreras plays faithfully, but unconvincingly.

LOTUS LAND, Op. 47, No. 1 (Scott). Played by Cyril Scott. Ampico.

Cyril Scott is poet through and through. He likes rich, sensuous harmonies and does not hesitate to admit it—as his music shows. Both the piece itself and his performance of it are interesting as a creation of impressionistic tone colors.

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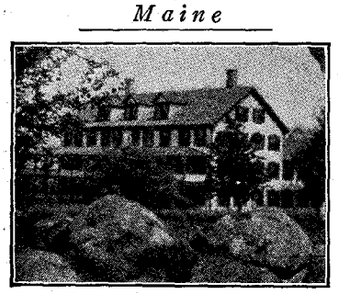

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Log Cabin Bungalow for rent on ocean front, Gott's Island, Maine. House is completely furnished, has 2 large fireplaces, five small bedrooms. $225.
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FOR RENT At Rockland Harbor, after Labor Day, by week or for balance of season, 6-room cottage with bath, telephone, electric lights, large veranda. Excellent view of Rockland Harbor. Ten minutes' ride from business section of city. Electric car service two minutes' walk. Furnished. For particulars apply to Warren E. Hill, Rockland, Maine. Gen. Del.

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FOR RENT, on cliff in Nantucket, Mass., August, September, October, new cottage, newly furnished; 2 bedrooms, living-room, kitchen, fireplace; continuous hot water; garage. Mrs. K. BLODGETT, Navesink, N. J.

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3 miles from village, 100-acre farm and small house with bathroom. The farm includes pasture, wood lot, brook, and large blackberry fields. The house is partly furnished. Address Mrs. RICHARD BILLINGS.

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For Sale or Lease Fine building, brick, dormitory and classrooms, with site for boys' academy, in mountains of West Virginia. College town. Address President, Davis and Elkins College, Elkins, West Virginia.

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Opportunity to become TRAINED NURSE. $15 monthly allowance. Ideal living conditions. Tennis, surf bathing. 3 hours from New York. 8-hour day. 2½ year course. Age 18 to 32; 2 years high school. Send for descriptive folder and application. Southampton Hospital Association, Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

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WANTED—Excellent cook for family of seven and five servants. Must be refined, good tempered, and appreciative of happy surroundings. References required. Reply to Mrs. Wilson A. Campbell, 609 Academy Ave., Sewickley, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced nurse to have charge of infirmary in settlement school in remote Southern mountains. Good living conditions. Interesting problems. Apply to Mrs. Ethel Zande, Pine Mountain, Harlan Co., Kentucky.

WANTED, in early fall, by elderly couple in country house few miles from Boston, Protestant family of two or three persons to do all the household work. House has modern electrical equipment in all departments. In service ell are small living-room, three bedrooms and bath. Recommendations must be good as to character and ability. In replying, please write fully on these points, giving age and experience. Good place for quiet people who wish permanent situation. Address P. O. Box 24, Auburndale, Mass.

WANTED—Lady cook-housekeeper, capable, for family in country. Permanent. Position exceptionally pleasant. Address "Boulderwood Farm," Wilton, Conn.

WANTED—Young man who has had at least one year at college as assistant and companion to semi-invalid living in the country. Address Box 373, Litchfield, Conn.

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ENERGETIC, capable, dependable gentlewoman desires position as traveling companion, tea room assistant, or managing housekeeper. 7,116, Outlook.

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POSITION as dietitian in children's home or similar institution. Graduate School Domestic Science, Boston. Previous experience. 7,134, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse, excellent references, will travel South or West with invalid or elderly person. 7,133, Outlook.

REFINED woman with broad experience would like position of responsibility and oversight in home. 7,118, Outlook.

TEACHER—Piano, violin. Experienced. Graduate New England Conservatory. 7,132, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

NURSE wishes semi-invalid boarders. Box 44, Grampian, Pa.

By the Way

SUPERINTENDENT PETERSON, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford powerhouse at Cos Cob, Connecticut, believes in moral suasion and neatness. Instead of scolding his men he has a sign on a portable stand reading, "This is the dirtiest place in the shop." When a spot fails to be kept immaculate, this sign adorns it for a week. The result is a brisk competition in cleanliness.

"Well, I go down with flying colors," said the painter as the scaffolding broke.

A contributor to the "Windsor Magazine" draws attention to what the great poets have to say about wireless and broadcasting:

"O may I join the choir invisible."—George Eliot.

"And the night shall be filled with music."—Longfellow.

"That brave vibration each way free."—Herrick.

"An invisible thing, a voice, a mystery."—Wordsworth.

"Sit thee there, and send abroad."—Keats.

"There loud uplifted angel trumpets."—Milton.

"I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere."—Shakespeare.

"That was a tip-top dinner, waiter. I suppose you know what that means, don't you?"

"Yes, sah; it is one that you top off with a tip."

The "New Yorker" publishes an example of low finance which concerns a man who inherited $10,000 in the form of one hundred bonds of $100 each. He took them to a safe-deposit company and found upon inquiry that a box large enough to hold them would cost $10 a year. The idea of paying so much for this purpose annoyed him, and he went to his bank and made a loan of $5, which cost him 30 cents per annum in interest, and he left his one hundred bonds with the bank as collateral for the loan. He then took the $5 he had borrowed and deposited it in a savings bank at 4½ per cent, receiving 23 cents in interest. Thus his bonds were safely taken care of for the year and the cost was only 7 cents.

Uncle Eben says, "Don't ask advice unless you has made up yoh mind and feels free to enjoy a little conversation."

A henpecked Negro was pleading in court for a separation from his wife.

"On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"Oh, she talk, and talk, and talk, till I can't stand it no longer."

"And what does she talk about?"

"She don't never say."

A friend tells us of a clergyman and his wife who were all ready to go as missionaries to Africa, but have been unavoidably delayed. They have just left their New York apartment, enraged over the discovery that there is a colored family on the top floor back.

"I suppose you are going to raise potatoes in your garden?"

"I was, but when I read the directions for planting I found it to be impossible. They should be planted in hills, and my garden is perfectly level."

Mellie Dunham, the old-time fiddler of Norway, Maine, now charges $100 for wielding his bow for an evening in the Maine villages. Before Henry Ford discovered and exploited him Mellie's nightly rate was only $3.

From "Punch:"

Cheery Soul (to friend): "Lawks, my dear, wot a turn you give me! I fought you was dead—strite, I did. I've 'eard several people speakin' well of yer lately."

It is bad for digestion to Fletcherize trouble.

Agent: "How do you like your electric washer?"

"Not so good. Every time I get in the thing those paddles knock me off my feet."

The prospective bridegroom of the popular film star was explaining to her the wedding procedure. "So," he said, "we are agreed. First we will go to visit the registrar, and then we will go to the church to have the ceremony performed. Then you will be my own dear little wife. Have you anything to say about the arrangements?"

"Only that the film rights will, of course, belong to me."

From the Alliston "Recorder:"

Proud Father: "Bye-low baby bunting, daddy's gone a-hunting, to get a pretty rabbit skin to wrap his baby bunting in."

Little Jim: "Oh, daddy, get a leopard skin; they're all the rage now."

London "Opinion" illustrates the evolution in manners by five different familiar examples, over four periods, as follows:

1896

1. "Will you be mine?"
2. "Pardon me!"
3. "Shall we start now?"
4. "May I pass, please?"
5. "May I have the pleasure?"

1906

1. "Let's get married."
2. "Oh, I'm awfully sorry!"
3. "Let's get a move on."
4. "Lemme by."
5. "Let's dance."

1916

1. "Well, we might as well get married."
2. "Sorry."
3. "Ready?"
4. "Gangway!"
5. "Wanta step this?"

1926

1. "All right! All right! I'll marry you!"
2. "Look where you're going!"
3. "Say! We haven't got all night!"
4. "Get outa the way."
5. "Hey, you! C'mere!"

"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."

"Are you a wet or a dry?" Uncle Bill Bottletop, of the Washington "Star," was asked.

"I am running for office in a temperance community, and my answer must depend upon whether I am speaking personally or politically."

We have read the following story, which was credited only to "Exchange:"

Mr. Newlywed and his wife had called upon the real estate agent with a view to the purchase of a house. After running his eye down the list, he hesitated over one very glowing announcement.

"I think this would suit you," said the agent. "It is only a stone's throw from the street cars."

"Yes, yes," returned Newlywed; then turning to his wife, he commented: "After all, dear, it would give us something to do of an evening. We could sit in the house and throw stones at the cars."

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